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**DEMETRIOS
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A SATYR, APHRODITE AND EROS

(Athens Museum)

THE IMPACT OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION ON PAINTING

By Prof. ANGHELOS G. PROKOPIOU

(Written especially for ATHENE)



ANGHELOS PROKOPIOU

(Angheios G. Prokopiou was born in Alexandria in 1909. His family which originally came from Smyrna, Asia Minor, is noted for the many important figures it gave to Greek Art and letters. His father, George Prokopiou, the famed painter of the wars of 1912-1913, was killed in action at the Albanian front and another member of the family, Socrates Prokopiou, is the author of several novels on the life of Anatolian Greeks.

Following the expulsion of the Greeks from Asia Minor the Prokopiou family settled in Athens, where Angheios studied fine arts and law. Later he went to Paris where he studied at the Sorbonne, the history of Art.

During the early years of the war Angheios was imprisoned by the army of occupation, but when he was freed he joined the underground movement and published a clandestine resistance newspaper under the title "Free Life". Following the war the governments of France and Britain invited him to their respective lands as an art counselor and now we understand he has an invitation from the State Department in Washington to visit this country on a cultural tour.

Angheios Prokopiou is considered the leading art critic in Greece. He has written over ten books on art, and contributed to several magazines and newspapers in Athens and abroad. He himself is a painter and a well known criminal lawyer as well.

"After a long slavery we were forced to take up arms to seek freedom for ourselves and our country, against an unprecedented tyranny which has been unjust, and which in ferocity cannot be compared with any past or present dynasty. Our war against the Turks is a war for national independence, a sacred war, whose only objective is for us to secure the right to personal liberty, the right to property and the right to our honor."

With these words the first national assembly of the Greeks at Epidaurus, gave notice to the governments and the peoples of Europe and America, of the determination of the Greek people to live as a free and independent nation. For the first time the Greek people as a whole assumed a national conscience; something steeled the will toward a national life; something told the race that it was time to share its happiness and sorrows as a unit and to face the future as a united nation.

In the old days, that is during ancient times, the Greeks were conscious of a unity as it affected their civilization only, but the core of their political

existence was the city-state, and they were never able to overcome this barrier and set up a national state, even though they spoke the same language, had the same culture and customs. Likewise in the middle ages the political and dogmatical dualism would not allow the Byzantine empire to crystalize a community of national interests and conscience to be shared by the capital and the provinces alike. Only when the Eastern provinces were lost and the threat of the crusades from the west became manifest, a spirit of national regeneration took some root in Constantinople and a few began to visualize a political and religious mission for the Greek people. This sentiment however failed to settle. The fall of Constantinople to the Turks buried whatever national feeling there was, into a subconscious mass protesting sentiment, which helped to accentuate the division between Greek and Latin Christianity, while at the same time it retained alive the traditions from Byzantium. And when the proper time arrived, along the time of the French revolution with its emphasis toward national regeneration, Greece felt a revolutionary tremor to shake

her innermost beliefs and aspirations which had been more or less dormant during four centuries of alien oppression.

The Greek nation therefore, as a phenomenon of national psychology, as a political idea and as a fit subject for the artist does not appear until 1789. To be sure the wars of the ancient Greeks attracted the attention of European painters long before this. The neoclassicists of the 18th century found inspiration and did paint scenes from Homer and classical Greece.

But this cycle of paintings strictly speaking does not refer to the period of Greek nationhood since the Greek nation, as a total historical entity dates only from the Greek revolution of 1821.

The first painter of national liberation wars in the history of European art, is Gros. The Napoleonic campaigns fascinated him. To offset the idealistic bodies of the neoclassicists who subscribed

of the drama, had flamed into the painting of Gros, a passion for these very convulsions of the masses which inaugurated the era of the wars of liberation in Europe.

These wars of liberation had an obverse side: Resistance! The creator of this school is Goya. The conquests of Napoleon had nursed a passionate hatred on the part of the peoples of Europe against his country and his armies, a sort of a mobilization of souls in the cause of liberty and national independence. In Germany, the national movement evolved into a theoretical protestation and for the first time in its universities the myth of German superiority began to take root nurtured by such men as Fichte. In Spain the spirit of resistance against Bonaparte took the character of a sacred war. As during the crusades against the Mauritians the monasteries became once more centers of frenzied popular uprisings. Goya lived this nightmarish feeling of force and murder in his collection "Destruction of War" depicting the elements of raw human brutality.

Napoleon was finally defeated. The restitution of 1815 and the police system of the Holy Alliance extinguished whatever hopes the peoples of Europe had for national independence. From 1815 to 1821 the national idea seemed dead. Any work of art depicting scenes from a revolutionary war was denounced as degenerate by the reactionary regimes. In the midst of this dark and gloomy state of affairs, the Greek Revolution suddenly broke out. And lo! and behold, the name "Greece" became the password that shook the souls of peoples, in a new sortie of national and political liberty. The ice of reaction had been broken in the Balkans, and the wax mask of the all-powerful Holy Alliance began to melt under the impact of the conflagration started by the Greeks.

In Great Britain and France the liberal elements sided with the embattled Greeks; defying the attitude of their constituted governments. Byron, Chateaubriand, Thiers, Eynard, extended a helping hand to the martyred Greeks who first among the oppressed peoples of Europe took up arms to demand their national liberation.

In 1824, at the Salon, Delacroix exhibited his great painting, the Massacre of Chios. Who could remain unmoved at the sight of this eternal Hecuba, who kneeling, with her large ecstatic eyes was witnessing her daughters, being dragged to their death tied behind the Jannizaris' horses, or carried away by force to become slaves in their harems? Delacroix saw this struggle for national existence and liberation not from the side of the victor as Gros did in his Napoleonic canvases, but from the point of view of the massacred victims. The misery of the Greeks; their unconquerable spirit, the unequal struggle they had undertaken on behalf of the oppressed masses in Europe, awakened in his heart a feeling of mutual security and sympathy, which finally found expression in his great work the "Massacre of Chios" and later in his canvas, "Greece Dies at Missolonghi". With these warm notes of Philhellenism Delacroix inaugurated the cycle in European painting on the subject-matter of the Greek revolution.



BISHOP GERMANOS BLESSES THE REVOLUTION

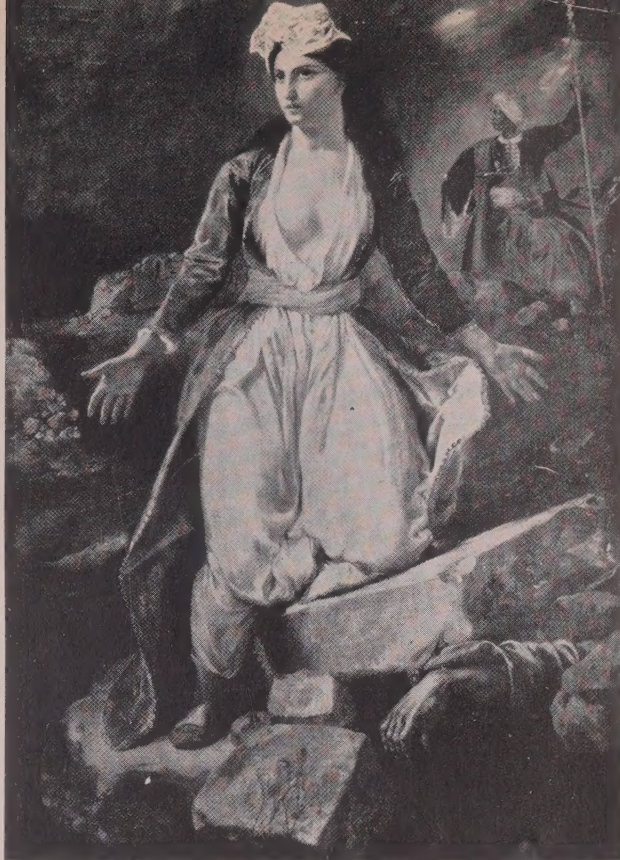
By P. Von Hess

to the aesthetic axioms of Winckelmann, Gros painted masses of men, plebeian, feverish soldiers with massive potentialities and weakened by plagues and war. Here was a new force that reminded one of a Rubens-like lift. Gros felt that history was embodied in the diminutive figure of the little corporal. He saw the General of the Revolution mold with daring tides the political geography of the European continent, riding at the head of that mass of humanity which was the national army of France. This national war of liberation, this epic of the masses and the hard fate of the nameless humanity, this rising of the individual will, which suddenly appears on the stage and changes the plot

The "Massacre of Chios" was a sorrowful theme inspired by the suffering of a rebellious Greece, but on the other hand it was also a revolutionary idea in painting. Delacroix, already an admirer of the English painter Constable because he handled open spaces so deftly, became with this work, a forerunner of impressionism. In a way he sought to realize the effect of the emaciated and naked figures of Michelangelo in "The Last Judgment" or perhaps the sickened and empty bodies found in Gros, but, he added something to all this. He added new optical values, such as green meadows and he sort of melted the frozen and logical so to speak correct rigid designs of neo-classicism with blots of color that oozed of blood and sweat and the wretchedness of the refugee hordes.

The art committee sought to judge this work of Delacroix with unusual severity, but the painting had already opened a new chapter in the history of art. It was the prelude of the romantic hymn to the fate of destruction; the burning of cities; the mutilated victims; of raped women and small children which lay dead in the arms of their mothers, struck down by the weapons of the wild Islamic cavalry force. A Neronian fad for brutality, for dead bodies, for massacres, for heroic acts of self sacrifice, dominated from now on all romantic painting, and the epic of wretched souls, and of the sadistic Orient took hold of painting and poetry up to the end of the realistic period.

The Greek Revolution, subject matter of pathos and of the Orient, projecting colors of sadistic irritation, graphic costumes, types of Balkan mountain people, with its Zalogo dance of death, the siege and sorties of Missolonghi, became the ever popular motif of formal romantic art in Europe. King Ludwig of Bavaria, father of king Otto of Greece, asked the court painter P. Von Hess to paint a cycle of impressions from the Greek Revolution, for the walls of the peristyle of his royal garden in Munich. A repeat performance by the same painter is to be seen today at the old palace in Athens. Naturally the paintings of Hess do not display the spirit of Delacroix. A royal order is not enough incentive to surpass or to equal the spontaneous inspiration of a genius who felt the revolution down in his heart, when everyone else, kings and governments alike denounced it. When Munich became the intellectual and political metropolis of the newly formed Greek kingdom, its Academy became the proving ground for young Greek painters who studied there with scholarships granted by the Bavarian court. However Munich and the other German cities up to the beginning of the 19th century did not boast of any serious art tradition. In this respect they constituted provinces of Latin Europe, and the art streams that reached their shores, were weak. The founder of the Munich school and the teacher of our own Gyzis, was Karl Piloty, who himself was a protégé of the French painter Paul Delaroche. The previous leaders of the neoclassic school at Munich, Cornelius and Kalbach were trained in Rome. It was indeed to the detriment of contemporary Greek painting to identify itself for a whole century with a country whose artistic excellence was second rate. Yet in this Munich school was trained the first Greek painter of war subjects, Theodoros Vryzakis. The influence



THE MASSACRE OF CHIOS

By Delacroix

of Hess is to be seen in his work. And although Vryzakis saw the Greek Revolution through the standards of a Munich academician, nevertheless his paintings deserved a better fate than that which his own countrymen reserved for him. His canvases are now rotting in the basements of the Polytechnic school, and no one took the trouble to exhibit them even though the artist has been dead these seventy years. Needless to add that one of his paintings, "The Sortie of Missolonghi" burned down some years ago.

However side by side with the Greco-Bavarian school of art which is still being represented by well known names, there sprung up at that time a so to speak native school in painting, if one may call it that, which sought to portray the story of revolution in a series of twenty five drawings, by one of the participants in the struggle, the artist Panagiotis Zographos of Mani, and his two sons. This work is better known today under the name of General Makriyiannis one of the revolutionary heroes because it was he who related to the artists the events of the revolution as they happened. The work started in 1836 and must have been done by 1839. This work was painted as we say under peculiar circumstances since the artists and their preceptor were present in the very scenes they tried to portray. The nature of the work then is truly national, in line with the revolutionary declarations of the spirit of the American and French revolutions, because the protagonist of the series is the people themselves. You see here a people, united with one will, fighting in the mountains to gain its independence, in the seas to protect its dear ones. It is vivid through and through, colorful, full of items that make for real art, the

(Continued on Page 56)

ATHENA TARSOULI

Leading Woman Artist and Writer in Greece

By MAVRETA JOAKIMIDES

Athene Correspondent in Greece



A Costume of the Island of Symos

Drawn especially for Athene by Mrs. Athena Tarsouli

In a land which, like Greece, has given us such renowned women poets and writers in antiquity, one would expect to find many female devotees in the shrine of the fine arts. And such indeed is the case. Today, there are any number of able and distinguished women artists and writers in Hellas, some of whom we had had the opportunity to introduce to our readers through these pages.



In this issue, we present, Athena Tarsouli, generally considered as the leading woman artist and writer in Greece. She has been writing since 1925 when she published her first volume entitled "Sta Vrohia Tis Agapes".

There followed several other important books, such as "Captain Monk", "Sparks and Ashes" poetry, and in 1935 her illustrated book "Castles and Cities of Morea" won the Athens Academy prize.

Naturally being not only an author but an artist as well she illustrates all her books with original drawings which are indeed creations of beauty and rare inspiration.

A more recent creation entitled: "The Dodecanese" and devoted to the art, folklore, costumes and history of the famous twelve islands of the Aegean, has won considerable praise for Mrs. Tarsouli, not only in Greece but throughout the world, one might say. It is an excellent book, masterfully illustrated which very soon will be a collector's item. A companion volume has preceded it, the "White Islands" meaning of course the Cyclades, and there have been also editions devoted to the "Embroideries of Dodecanese" and "Hellenic Costumes".

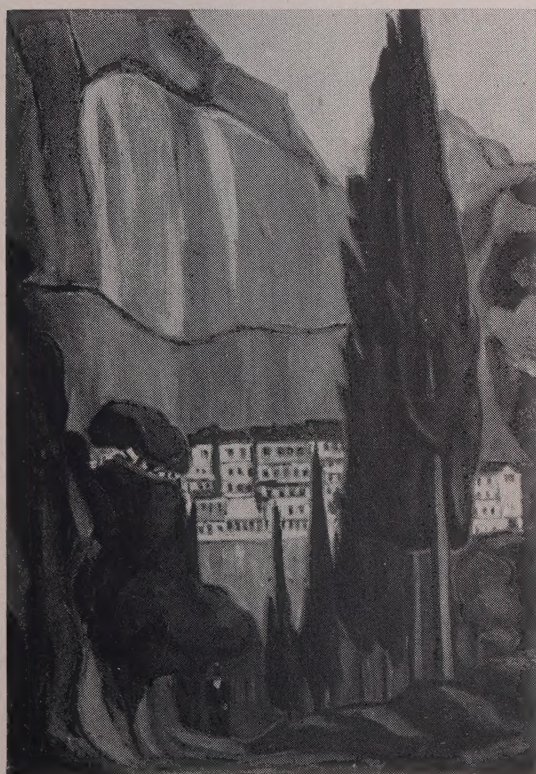
Her latest book, "Women Poets of Greece" is of great interest. Mrs. Tarsouli is now in Cyprus, preparing a special edition devoted to the beautiful island of Aphrodite, which is still a captive of the British, who refuse to grant it its union with the motherland, Greece. No doubt her volume on Cyprus will be of great artistic and historical significance since Mrs. Tarsouli has a knack for bringing us the magic hidden in the historic lands she writes about and illustrates so beautifully.



TARSOULI: Girl from Cyprus (Tempera)



TARSOULI: Young Man from Cyprus
Wearing Local Costume



TARSOULI: The Megaspelaion (Oil)



TARSOULI: "Snowing" (Oil)



SECTION OF A VERY ANCIENT PROTO-HELLENIC INHABITED COMMUNITY AT KOLIADOS AKRAS. PROF. MYLONAS WITH CAP, TALKING TO A NEWSPAPER MAN.



ANOTHER VIEW OF KOLIADOS AKRAS. (St. Kosmas)



DISCOVERY OF AN EARLY BRONZE PERIOD BURIAL PLACE. A COMPLETE, ALMOST PETRIFIED HUMAN SKELETON WAS FOUND, INCLUDING TOMB ORNAMENTS.

Important Archeological Discoveries Reported by Mylonas

Forty-five hundred years ago the land we know as Attica was inhabited by a people in an advanced stage of civilization and of a definite social structure. At least such seems to be the case following the archeological discoveries by Prof. George Mylonas of Washington University, at the St. Kosma coast of Attica, the "Koliada Akra" of the ancients.

Prof. Mylonas is in charge of the excavations sponsored by Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., and this work is a continuation of a project started before the war at this same site.

Unfortunately the German occupation had destroyed much of this pre-war work and excavations had to be started all over again, with the net result that already a whole necropolis with several tombs dating back to 3000 years B.C. has been unearthed. More important yet the archeological spade uncovered a whole inhabited section of these proto-Hellenes dating from the same period; and in addition to their definitely advanced stage of living, these people were the first to manufacture the famous purple dye of the ancients and the Byzantines which means that the Phoenicians were not the inventors of this precious commodity, as it had been supposed, but that they were taught the art many centuries later by these proto-Hellenes of Attica.

These people lived in square houses with yards, and they had built a road along the shore, which is in a remarkable state of preservation, and which, according to Prof. Mylonas, is the oldest road ever discovered by archeologists. In view of the importance of these discoveries I sought an interview with Prof. Mylonas for Athene, and this is what he had to say:

Que: Prof. Mylonas, what made you excavate the "Koliada Akra" of the Ancients?

Ans: I started here before the war with a view of unearthing pre-historic inhabited sites in Attica. Ultimately we hope to get enough material to write a fairly complete history of the civilization of Attica during pre-historic times.

Que: What do you consider your most important discoveries up to now in this section?

Ans: The discovery of a very early bronze age, with houses, streets, shops and pottery pieces and utensils. The necropolis is the oldest on the Greek mainland, likewise the inhabited site the oldest in Attica.

Que: What do you plan to do next?

Ans: I have certain sites in mind, here in Attica, and I believe we shall be as successful if not more lucky. The excavations will continue.

Que: What are your conclusions regarding the pre-Hellenic civilization in Attica?

Ans: It appears that the civilization of these people was much greater than we were led to believe, or what our Mythologies led us to infer.

EVA SIKELIANOS

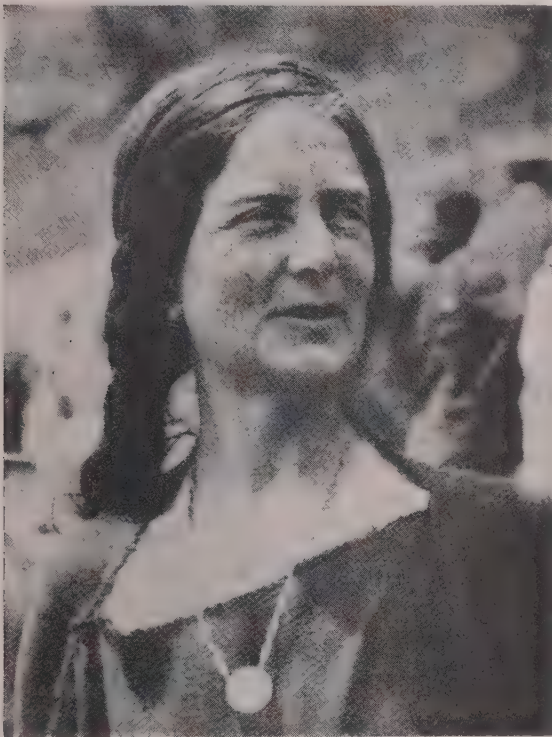
High Priestess of the Hellenic Idea, Dies in Delphi

By PHOEBUS DELPHIS

"I want to come and die in Greece and I want to be buried at Delphi".

This was the wish of Eva Sikelianos, high priestess of the Hellenic idea and the moving spirit for the revival of the Delphic Festivals in Greece some twenty-five years ago. She had an immense soul and her spirit encompassed the whole world.

The dream of Eva, outside the revival of the ancient Aeschylean drama, has been to help the Greek people, the common people, achieve happiness. She learned how to handle a Greek peasant loom and she wove marvelously. She personally wove the clothing for the dresses of the Oceanides



EVA SIKELIANOS

in the Festivals. She spent a great fortune to see this dream realized. She succeeded because of her great zeal, and interest and vitality, and because she believed in the idea. She was everywhere at Delphi. She fraternized with the peasants around Delphi.

It might be proven that Attica was a great center of civilization during the early bronze period, a rival of Crete. Perhaps this rivalry might be at the bottom of the Theseus-Minotaur myth.

Prof. Mylonas expects to continue his archaeological work in other parts of Greece as well, such as Eleusis, Mycenae, and he will assist Prof. Regen to excavate Pylos.

M. Joakimides

She was extremely happy then.

When she came back to Athens this year, Eva was a bit confused. (Eva managed to attend a final performance of the Prometheus Bound at Delphi, under the direction of Linos Karzis. She especially liked the foreign talent who participated in this performance, the Norwegian, the German and the American actors. She herself did not want to go but was prevailed upon by admirers).

All these years she had had a lot of disappointments until she was not so sure now whether the ancient drama and the consummation of the ancient ideal could be accomplished as she had visualized it. Nevertheless she remained calm and loyal to the ideal till the end.

The Greek government gave her a state funeral, with the Byzantine music she liked so much and helped develop so faithfully. Practically all embassies sent wreaths and thousands of people attended the rites. She was buried at Delphi next to that other great American Philhellene, George Cram Cook.

And so the Delphic land opened its arms and embraced the body of a priestess who dedicated her life to the idea of the noble and the beautiful.

By THEO. GIANAKOULIS:

SHORE SUNRISE

The slanting rays pierce the mist
Shorelines and shell-scrolls reappear,
And tiny shanties painted amethyst;
The slanting rays pierce the mist.

Swooping sea-gulls dive and tryst,
Freed from Stygian eeriness and fear;
The slanting rays pierce the mist,
Shoreliness and shell-scrolls reappear.

FRESCO

Forgetful of foam's gray fantasy,
And lateen sails against the sky,
Lush green fields, I tread and find,
Beauty wrought on flower and tree.

But all paths lead, invariably
To silver shores that frame and bind,
The memory of the sapphire sea,
Lapis blue fresco in the mind.

DARK SPLENDOR

Dark splendor settles on the sea,
Tempest-tossed, a ship sets sail
In milling mist's gray mystery;
Dark splendor settles on the sea.

On rolling billows, mountains free,
Grim, granite grimaces prevail;
Dark splendor settles on the sea,
Tempest-tossed, a ship sets sail.

(From: The New York Times)

Three Poets

From the Cypriot Anthology



BACCHIC

By NIKOS KRANIDIOTIS

(Translated by D. MICHALAROS)

Tavern keeper don your very best
Come along and sing with the rest.
Sing a song that will make us all drunk.
Tonight I gladly pay with all my heart
For two bright eyes I fall apart,
Come pour the wine, let grief be sunk.

Serve all those who are our friends
And every passerby too, whom fate sends.
Treat those who feel the pangs of love. Pass the wine.
Bring us wine for I too am bit,
The heartless imp has scored a hit
Tonight I feel young, and all are brothers of mine.

Bring lots of wine, pass it around,
Fill the pitcher, don't spare the pound.
And let us sing the old, old refrain.
Down by the blazing rolling sea
She said she'd wait and wait for me
The brightest flower on the Grecian main.

For even if the Gods would descend
To drink wine with me their friend,
With the second cup I'd tell my mind
What grand connoisseurs they must have been
To create two eyes so lovely and keen,
So I'd get them drunk for being so kind.

And when friendly spirits and wine
Work us all up and we feel fine
Down by the tavern cellar hall,
I feel happy and I cry,
I feel happy, but why?
Somehow, some way, Fate arranges all.

Tavern keeper don you very best.
Come along and sing with the rest.
Sing a song that will make us all drunk.
Tonight I gladly pay with all my heart.
For two bright eyes I fall apart,
Come pour the wine, let grief be sunk.

TO A LADY

By GLAFKOS ALITHERSIS

(Translated by D. MICHALAROS)

Ere long I have been expecting you
Ere long I have waited for my love,
But you did not come with the April flowers,

Instead you came unexpected into my cove
Some late Autumn afternoon and Fate
Sealed your lips in a plaintive move.

Though you would not utter a word this late
Tis most eloquently that your silence grieves,
Like the last rose in its waning gait

Its now withered white perfumed leaves
Drops like snow on the dreary strand.
Likewise a pattern of desolation your soul weaves

Like when swallows fleeing the wintry land
Migrate to other places and forlorn
Under my balcony their nest would stand.

Yet blessed the heart if of happiness shorn
The stings of destiny would drive away
Silently, knowingly a soul high-born.

Like a migrant traveler that day
You slipped into my home from the world of care,
You came to me, Ah! that you may stay,
My gentle, my sweet lady fair.

WHEN THE SUN IS LOW

By DEMETRIOS TH. LIPERTIS

(Translated by D. MICHALAROS)

Tomorrow when the pall-bearers will cross my doorstep, O dear,
To write finish to this tale of woe,
Do not feel ashamed, but please go
Into the church, with the mourners, O dear.

They'll speak ill of you, for I loved you, I did!
But if your heart did beat a little once
For me, come, O come for just a glance
Before they cover me with the somber lid.

They will always speak ill of the living, I trow,
But the dead they would forgive and forget.
Since the dead they figure are dust, why fret?
They would let go at that. This I know.

They forgive and charitably stand by!
Because they know that when we die
And to this wicked world we say good-bye
For the next, there we shall all be judged for aye!

But should they forget to sing a mass
For me ere forty days are gone or a year,
Then do me this little favor my dear,
Just this tiny favor, my lass,

When the sun is low and darkness sets on the bay
And every lane deserted stands and every road,
Then, when nary a soul is abroad
To haunt you on the way

Slip by my grave and light a holy candle nigh
The little earthen pot there,
Lift the incense cup around with care,
Whisper my name and cry.

TWO RARE ETCHINGS OF ATHENS:

(Presented to Athene by Vasilios Phocas)



ABOVE: The columns of the Zeus Temple with the gate of Hadrian and the Acropolis in the background.

BELOW: What Athens looked like early in the last century.

(THESE ARE THE FIRST TWO ETCHINGS OF A SERIES. TWO MORE WILL APPEAR IN OUR NEXT ISSUE).



THE ISTHμία

By PROF. OSCAR BRONEER (Written for Athene)

The Ancient Greeks, divided though they were into a multitude of independent City States, had four common sanctuaries in which they met at regular intervals to contend for the prize of excellence in song, music, oratory and historical composition, and in a wide variety of athletic contests. The four most celebrated of such national festivals were held at Olympia, Delphi, Nemea and Isthmia. Victories in those centers were made famous by the Odes of Pindar. The Olympic Games, the most famous of all, were celebrated every fourth year. The Isthmia Games, in honor of Poseidon and Palaemon (wrestler), were held every other year. After the Olympian the Isthmian Games were the most popular of all the National Athletic festivals. Until a few weeks ago little was known about the place in which these games were held except the general location on the Isthmus, near the East of the Corinth Canal. The site of Poseidon's temple was unknown, and the various guesses made by archaeologists and travelers since the time of Leake in the early years of the last century have made the picture even more puzzling.

In an effort to solve this problem by the only reliable method known, that of excavation, the Department of Greek at the University of Chicago organized an expedition under the auspices of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens for the purpose of exploring the famous site. The immediate purpose of the present campaign was to survey the area and to determine, if possible, the location of the temple of Poseidon. The writer of this article, Professor Oscar Broneer of the Department of Greek, was appointed to direct the excavations. He is assisted by Chrysoula Kardara, a former student of the Universities of Athens and Chicago.

First a thorough examination of the whole territory was made. The area is large and it was important to choose well the place of the first trial trenches. There were certain clues to help resolve the mysteries of the place. Pausanias, the excavator's ever-present help in trouble, visited Isthmia in the 160's of our era and left a description of what he saw. He mentions the theater and the stadium, the only two buildings readily recognizable from the remains visible about the ground. About the location of the principal Sanctuary, within which stood the temples of Poseidon and Palaemon, the ancient traveler is exasperatingly vague. On his walk from the stadium to the temples he passed along an avenue lined with statues of athletes on one side and tall, straight pine trees on the other. But the road he followed is no longer visible and there was no sure clue to the direction of his route.

In the 1880's a French archaeologist, Paul Monceaux, who made some exploratory trenches at Isthmia, concluded that Poseidon's temple had stood on the site of a modern church, dedicated to St. John the Forerunner. It was a natural assumption to make. A massive wall surrounding the church yard and the adjacent cemetery contains much reused material from buildings of classical times. The church of St. John seemed to Monceaux a logical successor to Poseidon's temple. The temple of Palaemon, which ancient coins represent as a circular building, he located a little further to the South.

So reasonable was this interpretation that for over half a century it remained the prevailing view and was frequently repeated by later writers on the subject. A German scholar by the name of Fimmen was the first to cast doubt on its validity. He expressed the view that the heavy wall enclosing the church yard and the surrounding fields



ISTHμία: FOUNDATIONS OF THE
TEMPLE OF POSEIDON

was nothing else than a post-classical fortification wall. When in 1933 two young British scholars, Jenkins and Megaw, undertook to test the area by sinking numerous pits down to virgin soil, Fimmen's suggestion proved to be correct. What had been thought to be the sacred enclosure of the Isthmian cults was shown by Megaw to have been built under the emperor Justinian (A. D. 527-565) as part of the fortification stretching across the Isthmus from sea to sea.

The two scholars then proceeded to test several other areas in search of Poseidon's temple. The results of their limited campaign were not encouraging. In the two most likely areas the spade failed to turn up anything earlier than the Christian era. At a third site, located a quarter of a mile west of the Stadium, Greek pottery fragments and roof tiles appeared in sufficient numbers to warrant

the assumption that the venerable temple may have existed somewhere in the vicinity. But this region in its present condition seems wholly unsuitable for the location of a large building with its surrounding precinct. The waters from the fountain of Kyra-Vrysi and torrents from the hill in the rear have cut a deep gulch through the hard clay, causing the overhanging ledge of rock to break off and be hurled into the stream bed. Earthquakes may have contributed to the upheaval. Any building once existing on the banks of this gorge would remain forever out of search of archaeologists. Had Poseidon in a fit of rage over the intrusion of the new religion caused the ground to give way and bury forever the remains of his own Sanctuary?

Such were the possibilities suggested by the investigations of the two British archaeologists. It was not an encouraging prospect facing the members of the University of Chicago expedition as they began their activities on April 24 of this year. With a prayer to Poseidon, who presided over all the mysterious powers beneath the Earth and in the Sea, and to Eutychia, to whom the athletes of old directed their prayers for victory, we laid out our first trench in one of the areas tested by our predecessors with negative results. The trench, 160 feet long and 6 feet wide, cut diagonally across a rectangular area artificially leveled and terraced. From the east edge of this plateau an unforgettable view spreads before the eyes of the spectators. The blue waters of the Saronic Gulf makes a deep indentation into the land at this point where the Corinth Canal now cuts through the Isthmus. The foreground presents a smiling picture of lemon groves and waving grain fields. To the right and left the view is hemmed in by wooded hills and distant mountains. Here if anywhere would be a suitable site for a temple to the God who ruled over the Sea and frequently caused the Earth to tremble at the narrow neck of land that saved the Peloponnesos from being an island.

The area was not as barren as the report of the earlier excavators had let us to believe. Fragments of marble slabs and bits of roof tiles of marble and terracotta were scattered over the surface, and here and there ancient building blocks protruded above the ground. The picks of the workmen soon encountered more material of ancient buildings. Wide streaks of the blackened debris from buildings gutted by fire appeared at the edges of the trench, and the broad cuttings from ancient foundations appeared only three feet below the surface. The disposition of these cuttings showed unmistakably the familiar patterns of a large Doric building. Could this be the foundations for the long sought temple of Poseidon? All doubts were removed when on the third day of operations a somewhat scattered but almost complete column drum appeared, agreeing in appearance and proportions with the pieces long since discovered by Monceaux in the wall surrounding the church of St. John. At the end of that day a telegram was sent to the Ministry of Education announcing the discovery of this temple of Poseidon.

The first objective of the season's work had now been reached. The discovery of the temple was the crucial piece in the intricate puzzle that for over a century had kept scholars and travelers guessing about the topography of Isthmia. The description by Pausanias and scattered references to the Sanctuary by other ancient writers, a list of buildings recorded on an ancient inscription, visible remains of ancient structures and the natural features of the area all began to fit together into a coherent picture readily intelligible to any one familiar with essential data. Other trenches dug within the same area revealed more of the temple's plan. The destruction inflicted by zealots of the Early Christian era and later by villagers in search of building material had left little of the ancient building for the modern archaeologist to uncover. A temple plan, existing only as a series of cuttings and scratches on the surface of the rock, is to the specialist a matter of scientific value, but it is hardly a sight likely to appeal to the layman. The innumerable fragments and tiny chips from the temple structure



STATUE OF GODDESS FOUND WITHIN FOUNDATIONS
OF TEMPLE OF POSEIDON

which littered the ground, would be meaningless to any one but the professional archaeologist.

The first day that a complete block from the temple foundation appeared in its position, undisturbed since ancient times, marked an important turn of events. Perhaps something would be left of the temple and its sculptural decoration. A second block soon appeared, and then it became necessary to widen the trench in order to expose all that remained of the foundation.

These operations led to a further discovery, the most important of the season's work. Only a few inches below the surface the workmen came upon a piece of marble of sizable proportions. Drapery from the sleeve of a colossal marble figure was coming into view, scratched a little on the upper surface by the plow but otherwise in good condition. Such a discovery quickens the pulse of any excavator and the young archaeologist in charge of the trench experienced the thrill of her first important discovery. The excitement soon spread to all present, including the workmen. Before long some of the villagers appeared and they passed the good word along to others. With feverish haste and yet with infinite care, lest some of the delicate folds of the drapery break away, the excavators disengaged the colossal figure from the enveloping earth. It soon became apparent that we uncovered a work of art of great significance. Its size alone, more than three times life, would be sufficient to indicate that the marble figure represented no mortal but was doubtless one of the several female deities whose cults were somehow joined to that of Poseidon. The day was drawing to its close and the goddess had to be once more covered up with earth until the following day when proper measures could be taken for her removal. To keep her doubly safe a workman was detailed to stand guard over the spot lest some damage come to her from the hands of the curious and idle. The next day she was again uncovered and raised to her original sitting position before being hoisted into a truck and moved to the Museum at Old Corinth.

What name should be applied to the headless and armless figure? Demeter, Goddess of Agriculture and her daughter Persephone; Artemis, Goddess of the Chase; Eueteria, the personified blessings of favorable Seasons; Ino-Leukothea, Plaimon's mother and Aphitrite, Poseidon's own spouse, are all known to have been worshipped at the Isthmian Sanctuary. Since no distinguishing attributes are preserved archaeological scholarship cannot readily supply the answer—unless the next season's work bring to light some of the missing portions. The inhabitants of the village were not at a loss for an answer. "Viza Boukoura". Albanian for "Beautiful Girl", seemed to them the only suitable name for such a lovely creation. Among the Greek speaking onlookers the word "Vasilopula" was repeatedly spoken as they stood about watching a little sadly the departure from the village of their newly discovered "Princess". They will make frequent pilgrimages to the Sculpture Hall in the Corinth Museum to see the marble Goddess enthroned among the less majestic figures surrounding her.

As the work developed on the temple site more parts of the foundations were revealed and a large collection of architectural fragments, portions of marble roof, fragments of inscribed slabs, and pieces of a sculptural frieze were unearthed. Only trenches were dug in different parts of the area in order to reveal the complete plan of the temple. When the entire site is excavated more such material will come to light. Who can guess what further surprises lie in wait for the excavators.

More than once during its existence the temple seems to have been damaged by fire. On the slope of the terrace a few yards away in a small trial pit were found some pieces of the bronze cult vessels dedicated to the Gods. Among this material were fragments from the roof of an early building, going back perhaps to the traditional date of the founding of the Isthmian Games in 581 B. C.

To the discoveries resulting from the excavations were added other antiquities found by the excavators in the surrounding territory or brought to them by the children of the village. Fragments of sculpture and inscriptions are frequently turned up by the plow and occasionally an unripped ancient tomb is similarly revealed. By a discreet use of monetary rewards for such discoveries the finders were induced to part with their treasures, and in this way the whole village came to take an active interest in the work of the foreign scholars. The most complete of the inscriptions, discovered at some distance from the excavations, is on a base that once supported the portrait of a victor in the Isthmian Games. He had no less than eighty five victories to his credit, won at various athletic centers in Greece and Asia Minor. He himself was a citizen of Miletos on the Asia Minor coast, and the statue in his honor was erected at the expense of his native city. He had won his laurels not by athletic prowess but by skill as a musical composer writing scores for the dramas of Euripides, Sophocles and Timotheos. Another casual discovery is a fragment of an ancient jumping weight of stone, of a type used by the athletes to increase the distance of their long jump.

Most precious of the objects discovered outside the immediate area of the excavation is a gold earring of the fourth century B. C. It was found lying on the ground among the earth thrown up by the German soldiers of occupation during the last war on top of a prominent ridge overlooking the village. A lion's head of delicate workmanship forms one end of the ring and twisted gold wire attached to it forms the loop. We would like to believe that the companion piece that adorned the other ear of some Corinthian beauty lies buried in the earth near by. The time and means were lacking for a systematic excavation on top of the ridge at the present time.

The area investigated during the brief campaign of three weeks holds promise of becoming one of the most important archaeological sites in Greece. Now that the principal sanctuary has been discovered we can proceed with less guessing and better prospects of important results. Building blocks appear above the ground over a wide area, and many patches of stunted growth among the grain fields testify to the presence of ancient foundations. The Archaeological Service of the Greek Government has taken steps to declare Isthmia an archaeological terrain to prevent the construction of houses in the areas designated for future excavation. A continuation of the work on a much larger scale is planned for the spring of 1953.

The Marvelous Lost Civilization of Crete

By JOHN C. ROSS

Here were homes and palaces with running hot and cold water and flush toilets, modern dresses for their women—and the strange worship of bulls.

Surrounding the great amphitheater at Cnossus, throngs of men and women climbed slowly to their places or gathered in groups at the entrance gates to talk and to lay their bets. People leaned from the gaily decorated balconies which dotted the tiers to beckon and call to friends. An excited holiday air hung over the scene.

No one of us today has ever witnessed a spectacle to compare with this. In the soft, sea breeze on the Isle of Crete, 4,000 years ago a civilized people gathered to watch, not a barbarous, blood-letting bull fight, but a display of agility and grace—a dance with the bulls.

The women wore dresses of gold or silver cloth, or a colorful, light material adorned with embroidery. Their skirts were pleated and covered their gleaming bodies except for arms and breasts. Their bosoms were proudly bare with nipples painted red, like their lips. Their soft, curling hair was piled high upon their heads, held in place with gold pins or bound with ribbons. Their bodies were slim, with narrow hips and tiny waists.

The men too, proud of their bodies, were naked from the waist up, though they girded themselves tightly in loincloths and wore ornamented boots of white, buff or red leather which reached almost to their knees.

In the arena below, the dancers, highly trained young men and women, flexed their flat athletes' muscles preparing for the dangerous dance to come. At a salute of ram's horns the eager murmur of the balconies and the stands fell to a whisper.

The bulls were led into the ring one at a time and each dancer took his turn, carrying out a complex and exacting routine. The dancers were nearly naked and their bodies oiled that they might slide easily away from death. The bulls were huge animals, a third larger than our modern bulls because they were nearer relatives to the great aurochs, extinct ancestors of modern cattle. Their horns were long and curved like scimitars and they pawed the earth and snorted like the legendary Cretan god, Minotaur, himself.

As the first bull lowered his head and rushed at a dancer the youth faced him, poised lightly on the balls of his feet. Just as the great horn of the bull seemed certain to gore his slender body the dancer leapt suddenly sideways, grasped one of the horns with both hands and as the bull tossed his powerful head back the youth landed astride his massive neck. One of the terrible horns

stuck harmlessly under his knee and the other horn supported him under the armpit. With leisurely grace the boy turned, poised briefly in a graceful handstand on the spreading horns, leapt backward in a somersault which ended with the dancer standing on the bull's back. As the bull hesitated, bewildered, the dancer sprang lightly to the ground.

When the bull rushed again he was met again. Two strong, small hands grasped his horns as one of the girls somersaulted over his neck and rested for an instant, lying back to back with the mad-dened bull. Then, with feet braced against the bull's hind quarters, the girl arched gracefully upwards, stood briefly, and sprang off again. Another girl, in her turn, gripped the flanks of the animal with her hands and turned a backward somersault into the steady arms of her partner. Another young man, holding himself on with his thighs, leaned back over the muzzle of the bull, arms outstretched, waiting for the animal to toss him backwards to land lightly on his feet.

Wherever the bull rushed he was met by agile phantoms, sidestepping, gracefully vaulting, vanishing over his head or his back.

We do not know whether the Cretans applauded these remarkable feats, since the bull-jumping rite was part of their religion. But the show lasted for hours—a magnificent ritual whose meaning is now lost in antiquity. Some remnants of this ancient custom will survive in parts of southern France and Thessaly where the object of the competition is not the death of the bull but the display of agility and daring by the men who meet the enraged beast.

After the show was over the bull was sacrificed by priests while the young dancers accepted the garlands they had earned.

The Cretans delighted in athletic contests, including races, boxing and possibly gladiatorial combats. Pictures of their boxers show heavyweights wearing helmets, cheek pieces and padded coverings to the elbow. Some of their boxing was modelled on what we now call the French style, with the contestants using their feet as well as their fists.

However, bull-jumping was the most popular of all Cretan sports from the years 3000 B.C. to 2000 B.C. Paintings, frescoes, jewelry, all show this sport. Perhaps it began with cowboys on the Cretan plains who later became professional entertainers in the cities. Eventually it developed to such an extent that schools existed whose only purpose was to train the boys and girls who danced with the bulls.

Scholars who have studied both the early Greeks and the Minoans who lived on the Isle of Crete, off the mainland of Greece in the Me-

diterranean Sea, believe it is possible that the Greek legend of the Minotaur actually grew out of this sport of bull-jumping.

According to one legend the Cretans levied an annual tribute on the Athenians of 12 youths and 12 maidens who were sacrificed to the Minotaur, a legendary monster, half bull and half man, which lived in a labyrinth on the island. Theseus, legendary hero of Attica, invaded the labyrinth and killed the Minotaur. Analyzing this ancient myth, it is conceivable that the "labyrinth" was the tremendous palace of King Minos at Cnossus and the "minotaur" was only a big Cretan bull. It is also quite likely that the Greek captives were taught bull-jumping and that the legend of the man-devouring Minotaur arose among the superstitious Greeks on the mainland as a result.

Another Greek legend which undoubtedly harks back to bull-jumping is the story of Europa, the young girl who used to leap on the back of the sacred bull and allow him to carry her as she grasped his horns. Europa finally was carried off to Crete by Zeus disguised as a white bull.

The Minoans may have had the greatest, though not the largest, civilization of ancient times. We do not know how or why this magnificent culture was destroyed. We cannot read their writings though we have a large number of them carefully preserved. But we can tell what some of their customs were from the beautiful frescoes and vases which still exist. From the ruins of the great palace of Cnossus we can learn many other things about these mysterious people, who dealt with the Egyptians and Assyrians on an even footing, exchanged ambassadors with them and sent their trading boats all over the Mediterranean and probably out into the Atlantic.

The Minoans may have been conquered and destroyed by the early Greeks who came down from the north as little more than savages. The Minoans preceded the Greeks. Their culture was at its height before there was a federation of Greek people. Many of the Minoan customs must have been preserved by the invaders but the Minoans as a people were destroyed. With their destruction one of the greatest civilizations known to man was lost. It is thought by many students of antiquity that the Minoans may have possessed an even higher civilization than the Greeks attained 1,000 years later.

The Minoans were short, slender people averaging only about five feet five inches in height. This is less than the height of the present day Cretans. The Greeks called them "Red-skins," and it is certain that they were darker than those few Greeks who achieved the Grecian ideal of light skin and blonde hair. The Minoan men were clean-shaven and paintings show them with pointed chins, full lips, long noses and long hair. Most of the men wore a triple tuft of hair standing upright in a sort of crest. The Minoans seem always to have depicted their enemies as having beards.

Existing Minoan frescoes show the women to have white skins. No doubt they achieved this

paleness by staying out of the Mediterranean sun. The men's skins were bronze. No Minoan art shows Greek profiles with the nose extending straight from the forehead. Sometimes they are bumpy in outline. The women are invariably shown with slender waists, curving hips and swelling bosoms. The dress of the Minoan women as shown in their ancient art is almost as modern as today's Paris creation. It does, of course, differ in that it placed far more—or none at all—accent upon the breast. If the Cretan woman did not have her bosom entirely bare she wore a bodice of transparent material. Sometimes the bodice ended in a stand-up Medici collar at the nape of her neck and was open down the front, lacing only below the bare breasts. If the bodice had sleeves they covered only the upper arm and were either close fitting or pleated and puffed. The skirts were often trimmed with lace, frills, or pleats and hung in as many as three flounces. Cretan women even wore the hobble skirt and some costumes had stays.

No ruin in the world points to such fabulous exploits of an ancient people as does the great palace of Cnossus near modern Candia in Crete. The palace covers an area of six acres, including a large central court. It is built atop a low hill in the river valley of the Karaitos. There are throne rooms, public halls, offices, cool secluded living rooms. In a great store house huge earthenware jars still stand. There are square cists showing traces of lead lining and gold foil, indicating that they must have stored the treasure of the king. A processional corridor is lined with frescoes showing youths bearing ceremonial vessels. A grand staircase leads down four flights on the east, though only a portion of the original staircase still exists.

Perhaps the most important indication of the mechanical accomplishments of the Minoan civilization is the remnants of their elaborate drainage, sewage and water system. Spring water was piped into Cnossus in terra cotta pipes. These pipes had collars and stop ridges like modern pipes. But they were superior in design because each was tapered to give the water a shooting motion which prevented the accumulation of sediment. There were drains with manholes, latrines with pipes leading into these drains. There was an arrangement which sent rain water to flush the drains and toilets—conveniences that did not exist in the great French palace at Versailles thousands of years later. On one elaborate staircase water was channeled so that it flowed around the outside in a carefully designed tunnel which prevented the water splashing as it was conveyed through a series of convex curves from one level to another.

Minoan houses generally were composed of rooms grouped casually around a central court. They were broad and without much depth so that they were open and airy and ideal for communication. The houses were several stories high, built of brick, wood or stone, and the roofs were flat. The walls and floors were painted and true frescoes appear on the lime plaster as interior decoration. On these frescoed house walls blue boys and girls gathered flowers, cats stalked pheas-

ants amid luxuriant foliage, dolphins, birds, and monkeys gamboled happily. There were some sculptures but few of large size.

Women seem to have enjoyed virtual equality in Crete. They rode chariots, hunted and competed in the public games. They played a large role in the religious ceremonies. The principal Cretan divinity seems to have been a goddess-mother, the patroness of fertility. Through the women priestesses humanity was brought into touch with divine powers. Knowledge of some of the Cretan deities has come down to us through the histories of the Greeks. One of these is **Diktynna**, goddess of high places, a great mother who lived in the mountains and was probably the patroness of child birth. **Britomartis** was the goddess of youth and love. And the fusion of these two was worshipped as **Ariadne**.

No figure exists which archaeologists are certain is a Cretan idol of a male god. But it is evident that the male force was worshipped through bulls and through the Minotaur. This latter is represented as the god of male force and was considered to live in the palace of Minos. The Greeks said that those who crossed the threshold were terrified by his dreadful bellowsings but there seems to be no basis for the belief that the Cretans actually worshipped a god who thirsted for human blood—this was the invention of the Greeks.

It is true, however, that bulls were sacrificed in the great festivals. The sacrifice took place after the bull-jumping pageant. Paintings and frescoes have been found that show the bulls, their feet bound, lying upon sacrificial blocks or tables while their blood drips into basins provided for the purpose.

The bull was the god of procreation. In the shape of a bull the god carries off Europa. In a union with Pasiphae the god begets the Minotaur. As Minos he pursues Britomartis. The bull god fertilizes the fields and has the power to make women beautiful.

One of the symbols used in the religion of the Cretans was the cross. In Crete alone, of the many places where the cross appears in antiquity, it seems to have been closely connected with the gods and divinity. A cross is marked on the forehead of the sacrificial bull. The cross found in Minoan civilization takes a number of forms—what we now call the Latin cross, the Greek cross, St. Andrew's cross, and the swastika.

There is evidence that the Cretans invented a great many of today's religious ideas and forms of worship, sacrifice and initiation into mysteries. Incense was burned during their ceremonies. Music was played as an accompaniment for religious rites—on such instruments as flutes, conches, lyres, and terra cotta bells. The Cretans celebrated the blossoming of spring, the capture of the bull, the olive harvest and the approach of winter. Dancing played an important part in their rituals.

Although we can trace the history of Minoan writing and thousands of clay tablets and seals exist, we are unable to decipher the inscriptions of this magnificent and lost civilization. Archeologists have

traced the development of the script from ideographs to the existence of two linear scripts. We do know the Cretan system of numbers. But we do not understand their alphabet. Diodorus says that the Phoenicians did not invent letters but took them from Crete.

Art reached a high level in Crete. Stone vases were manufactured. Beautiful glazed pottery was used. During the middle Minoan period the clay was worked to eggshell thinness. Some of the dishes were scalloped or fluted as if copied from metal cups. Elaborate paintings appeared on some of the pottery. Black glaze was set on natural clay. A variety of tones were used later, from brown through red and yellow. The decorations and frescoes were sometimes natural in design, sometimes formalized representations. Sea animals were the favorite subjects.

The famous statuette of the snake goddess, now in Boston Museum, does not have the fine finish of some of the Cretan sculpture but it is extremely interesting.

The snake goddess wears a high purplish-brown tiara (now broken) with a white border, a necklace, and a dress consisting of a richly embroidered bodice with a laced corsage and a skirt which hangs in flounces or a sort of double apron. Her breasts are bare. Her hair falls behind her ears and onto her shoulders and is cut straight in bangs above her forehead. Her eyes and eyebrows are black.

Three snakes are coiled about the goddess. Their greenish bodies are spotted with purple-brown. The head of one snake is in her right hand and its body follows her arm upwards and descends behind her shoulders, climbing again to her left arm which holds the tail. Two other snakes entwine about her hips. One outlines her apron and then climbs along the edge of her bodice with its tail coiled about her right ear. The third snake runs along the left edge of her bodice and coils around her tiara.

Archeological descriptions of what has been found in ancient Crete fill many volumes but unless, or until, we can decipher their writing we cannot know what was in the hearts of these people. We cannot know how they lived or what they thought. Perhaps on the day we read their writings we shall know why the Minoan civilization existed only in the eastern part of Crete and not at all in the west. It seems strange that a complicated civilization which endured for thousands of years, on an island containing only 3,320 square miles (about four average-sized American counties), never colonized the western part of that island. Yet the Minoans seem to have populated the rest of the Aegean basin. And what happened to this magnificent civilization? Unless we find a Rosetta stone to unlock the mystery of their writing we cannot know!

But we can continue to marvel at their beautiful palaces, at their feats of engineering, at their paintings and works of art. And we can wonder at the agility and daring which allowed them to dance with the great horned bulls of Minos.

(Reprinted from FATE)

MODERN GREEK LEGENDS

The Will of Sklepios

By THEODORE GIANNAKOULIS

Sklepios lived and practiced in the village of Lepanitsa in Thessaly. He taught his art of healing to many peasants. His drugstore was in Trikkala, not far from the agora near the river Lethaios. You can still see the basins where he kept the leeches, the best in the world, and good for removing bad blood too. He used them himself, and even sent them to all parts of the world if he were asked, for he was tender-hearted and good and kind, not only to those ailing and sick, but to all human beings and even to animals—to anything that had life in it. He taught the people how to find and select and prepare herbs for medical purposes and to this day they'll tell you they have learned their art from Master Sklepios.

They'll also tell you that Master Sklepios did not need to diagnose a case to determine the cause and kind of illness. He knew; he was a wise man. He had his medicines analyzed and bottled in vials that stood in long rows against the wall. When a sick man came to him, he paraded him before the vials, watching closely to see which of the waters would move by itself. Then he gave it to him and he was cured in no time, because the vial in which the water moved was the medicine needed. Many and many came to him at every hour of the day and night and were paraded before the vials. From near and far they came, old and young, rich and poor, handsome and homely, and the great master cured them of all their ailments.

One day there came to him the son of a great king. The prince was so pale and yellowish that Master Sklepios was startled. He never liked to see youth wasted, so he looked at him carefully and with great concern and finally said to him:

"Come, my boy," and he paraded him before the vials. The prince obeyed. But not one of the liquids moved! This indicated that the boy was to die. But Master Sklepios always kept one vial hidden. It contained the venom of a poisonous snake which he had never used in all his days.

"Why not pass him before this vial," he thought, and he did. The liquid moved immediately.

"Well," thought Sklepios astonished, "the medicine moved! That's it! That's the medicine, but do I dare give it to the boy?"

For some time Sklepios stood thinking. What was he thinking about? No one knew, but those near heard him mumble to himself, "No!" and saw him turn somewhat embarrassed and say to the prince:

"Go your way, my boy, go back to your father, and return in six months."

As the youth left, Sklepios shook his head, saying to himself:

"Not even six days can he live in the shape he is in, but at least he'll die in his own home among his own people rather than in my hands."

The prince traveled from one road to another until one day he reached a goatshed. He sought the shepherd and when he found him among his goats, asked him for a drink of water because

he was very thirsty. He would like to rest too, for he was very tired.

"You can rest all you wish, but water I haven't any," the shepherd assured him, and indeed his flasks were empty.

"Some milk," asked the youth.

"I haven't even milk," answered the shepherd, and he was telling the truth, because all the milk was curdled that day.

"Sour-milk," begged the prince, adding:

"My throat is inflamed and burning."

The shepherd had a churn of sour milk and, moved by the youth's imploring, reluctantly gave him to drink. As he drank the prince asked for more, remarking:

"I am so thirsty . . . and it tastes so good . . ."

The shepherd looked at the boy and then looked at the churn with the sour-milk and hesitantly offered him some more, murmuring to himself:

"I don't know that you should drink this", and shaking his head added, "but if you think it is good; that's all, it is good, and you can have it all."

"It is good," the prince assured him, and thanked him for his kindness and hospitality. His attendants took the churn of oxygala—sour goat milk—and followed him on his way.

They had not gone far when the prince asked for more, besides he asked for food too. He hadn't eaten much for many months, and lately he had eaten nothing, but now after he drank the sour milk:

"I am hungry", he told his men.

Surprised and puzzled, his men looked at each other. Food was given to him, and never before the youth had eaten with such appetite. Not long after, the prince asked to eat again and he did not stop drinking oxygala and eating all the way.

He arrived at the palace far better than when he had left, and to the amazement of all he appeared well and cured.

In six months he returned and appeared before Master Sklepios:

"I am here!" he said, adding: "I am well. Look at me!" Master Sklepios looked at the prince and rubbed his eyes and looked again. He had never expected to see him alive again. He could not believe his eyes. Again he paraded him before the medicine vials, but not one of them moved. Then he brought him to the hidden one containing the snake venom. This time it also did not move at all. Master Sklepios scratched his head. He was puzzled indeed. "A miracle!" he thought, and turning said to the youth:

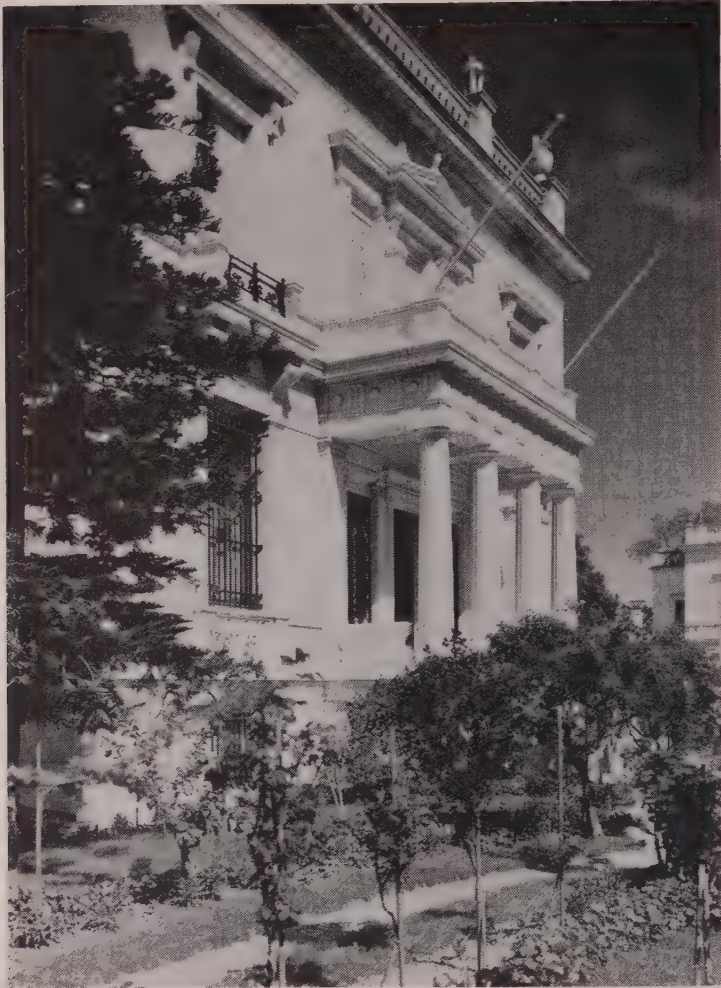
"There is nothing wrong with you, my boy, nothing at all . . . go your way.

As the prince walked out of the door, Sklepios, who was in deep thought, suddenly called the youth back:

"Yes, my boy, now . . . now tell me how . . . what did you do after you left this place when you were here six months ago?"

"Well . . . nothing," Master Sklepios, nothing . . ." mumbled the prince as he tried to recall just what he had done. Then he sat down and figured out, recalling little by little:

(Continued on Page 55)

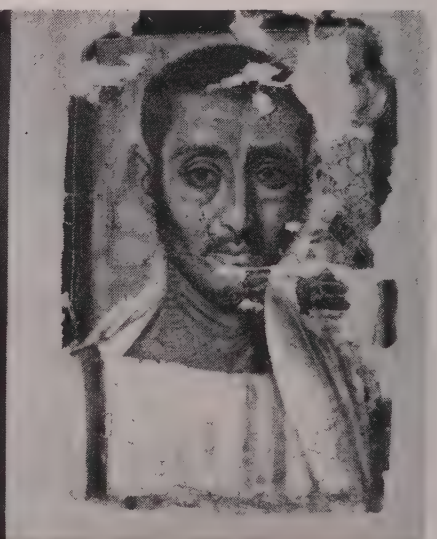


The Benakis Museum is a marble building with a neo-classic slant and Doric columns

TREASURES FROM THE FAMED BENAKI MUSEUM IN ATHENS

Some years ago Anthony Benaki, a Greek merchant from Egypt donated his private collection of antiques, to the Greek government together with his father's mansion where this collection was housed. It is known today as the Benaki Museum, and it is not only one of the best museums in Athens, but in many respects the only museum where one can study the arts of medieval and modern Greece.

Some weeks ago the press services in this country photographed and reported some of the rare items to be found in this museum. Our Athens correspondent, Mavreta Joakimides, in a further exploratory mission, sent us a report on the items presented in these two pages as constituting a cross-section of the valuable objects to be found in the museum.

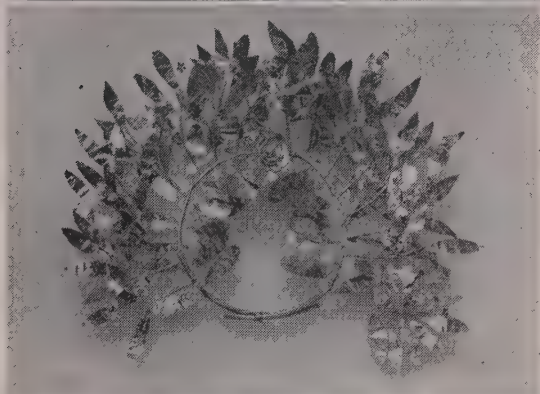


Two examples of the Potter's Art from the magic isle of Rhodes

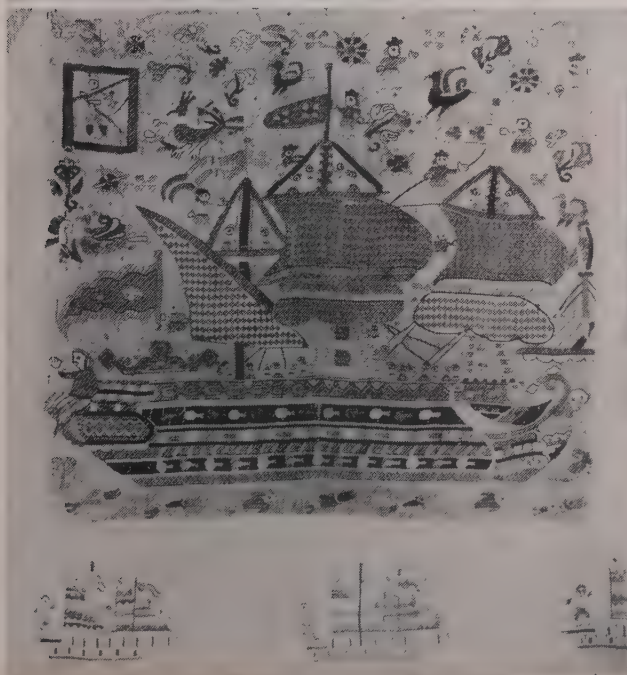
An ancient painting dating from the Hellenistic period, found in Egypt.



ABOVE: Section in the department of contemporary Greek Art. Folk costumes, utensils, etc.



LEFT: An ancient Greek gold wreath, of great artistic value.



BELOW: An old embroidery from the Island of Skyros. (Right) Byzantine Art. The Epitaphios or Christ's Cenotaph is from a historic monastery in the Pontus region. It carries a chronological inscription: 1538 A.D.



With a Heart for Any Faith

Being the Final Chapters of the Autobiography of the late DEMETRA VAKA
(Mrs. Kenneth Brown) America's eminent writer of Greek descent

CHAPTER XXVI

"Too Fine a Nature to be an American"

In the spring we sailed for London. At a literary gathering I encountered a lady of the dictatorial type. Hearing that I had written a book about Turkey, she said with a certain condescension:

"If you are interested in Turkey you ought to read a book that's just appeared, called 'Some Pages From the Lives of Turkish Women.'"

"Oh, that's my book," I exclaimed. "Constable said the English would not stand for 'Haremlik'—"

"Not at all," the English lady interrupted. "The book I am referring to was written by a Greek, born in Constantinople. You are English."

"What do you make of my accent?" I asked.

"Oh, a continental affectation!" she replied airily.

Trumbull White had given us a letter to Edward Price Bell, for many years head of the foreign department of the Chicago Daily News. He was a tall, lean man, with kindly blue eyes, hailing from Terra Haute, Indiana. He had the direct and simple ways of the mid-west, and he and his attractive wife became our close friends. Whenever we visited London subsequently, we made straight for Trafalgar Square, where the big sign of the Chicago Daily News welcomed us from afar. The Bells lived outside of London, where we visited them and met some of the rural type of English people.

Like those Americans abroad who do not become expatriated, Bell tended to idealize everything American. He was especially incensed at the way the English were taxed. "The only thing they don't tax over here is a stray thought in the back of your head," he declared.

Our English publishers, Constable and Company were ready to make our stay in London very agreeable. Ferris Greenslet also had given us a letter to Ford Maddox Hueffer, through whom we met his fiancée, Violet Hunt. Though the books Miss Hunt wrote were not the kind I enjoyed, she herself was well worth knowing. Her home was opposite a little private park, with a tennis court for Kenneth Brown and Hueffer, and afterwards we sat around Miss Hunt's tea table, where they talked delightfully of books and authors.

One day it began to rain while the men were playing tennis. Presently Hueffer asked: "Do you mind the rain? We don't pay any attention to it." In truth we found the rain in England to be, as Olivia Quiney had called it, "humorously dry."

We enjoyed London very much. It was such a friendly city. I liked it better than Paris, which I had known from early youth. But as hay fever got worse, and I sat up gasping for breath at night, we began hunting about for a place of refuge. As soon as one was recommended to us, some one else would warn:

"Oh, don't go there. My aunt nearly died there." Three times we decided on a place only to have to give it up. Finally, since no one seemed to have lost a near relative from hay fever in Bournemouth, thither we went. In a few days I felt so energetic that I sallied forth to buy a spool of thread to do some mending. From a bobbie I inquired where I could find a dry goods store.

"'Dry goods store,'" he repeated puzzled. "What would you want to buy there?"

"A spool of thread."

In a meditative voice he repeated: "'Dry goods store. Spool of thread.' And what do you do with a spool of thread?"

"I sew with it."

"Oh! he exclaimed, "you wish to find a draper's, to buy a reel of cotton."

Bournemouth was a big town, and very resorty. We were told that the nearby Isle of Wight was equally good for hayfever, and much more rural. We decided to sail over and see what it was like. We reached Ventnor on a perfect English day, and fell in love with it. "Devonshire Terrace" was on a bluff overlooking the Channel, and next to the tennis club. There we engaged chambers.

Before the first world war, England was the most comfortable place for people of moderate means, who wanted to work and play. That delightful institution of "chambers" made life so simple. You rented as many rooms as you wanted, at a guinea a week apiece, and with your rooms went the cook, the maid, and the boots. The cook (our landlady) came every morning to take the order for the meals, which were served in our sitting-room. At the end of the week she presented her bill.

One could have guests, too, if one wished, though the first time we had a golfing friend to a meal, and I asked the maid to give him a napkin, she leaned over my shoulder and whispered stagily: "It'll be a penny extra, ma'am."

To one English custom we were forced to surrender at once. When Mrs. Long came to take the orders, and I had told her what we wanted for dessert, she added cajolingly, "And a bit of custard, ma'am?" And thereafter, no matter what we had for dessert, we always had a bit of custard.

Ventnor was said to be so hot it was debilitating; but how grateful we were to Alice, who never forgot to put hot water bottles in our beds at night. Kenneth Brown maintained that if it was warm enough so that one could sit out of doors without catching cold, the English considered it debilitating.

The first morning of our Ventnor residence was perfect. The sun was shining, a soft breeze came off the water, and a band played under our balcony, as if to welcome us. We learned that there were

several such bands, all German, who travelled from one coastal town to another, learning the roads, and making maps—to be used against England in war. Yet no one was in the least perturbed, war at that time being something of a joke. Incidentally, one of the most respectable appearing men in the tennis club, with an English name, and thoroughly English looking, proved in the first world war to be a German spy, and, if I remember rightly, was shot.

The golf links were on the downs. The “downs,” of course, were several hundred feet **up**, with a fine view of the channel. At that time there were a number of four-horse coaches, making trips to different parts of the island. Every Friday morning we would engage the two seats by the coachman, and in this pleasant way saw the whole of the Isle of Wight.

Once the rear wheel horse was sluggish about doing his share of the pulling. “I call him ‘the British working man,’ the coachman remarked, as he flicked him with his whip. “He has to be driven to do his work.”

It would have been an ideal summer with work, play, no hay fever, warm but never hot, and in the evening reading aloud Dickens’s “Great Expectations,” the scent of which was laid in Ventnor, had it not been for the English strawberries. They were the largest we had ever seen, and were served with unlimited sugar and cream. My husband ate them “with gusto,” he said. I said: “Greedily.” The result was that he had trouble with his eyes, and the nearest oculist was in Portsmouth, on the mainland. He had to go there twice a week for electrical treatment, a tedious and costly trip, from which he received no help, since he kept on eating the luscious strawberries, piled high with sugar.

When the strawberry season passed, he got well.

In the fall we bought tickets to Rome; but in Florence, the view of the Arno, from our rooms in the Hotel Berchielli, was so entrancing that we decided to go no further. The libellous story, as told by my husband, was that, as he came into our sitting-room, I turned from the window and announced: “Keps, I have made up our mind to spend the winter here.”

Everyone knows what Florence is—or was. The English-speaking colony was small, and the golf club was its centre. The latter was on an estate that had formerly been devoted to wild animals, and the club-house had once housed zebras. Whatever other animals had preceded golfers, it was the scene of many informal little tournaments, in one of which Kenneth Brown had as partner the Marquise Guy d’Arcy, who had never played before, and whose reactions to the game were those of a child of nature—or of a baseball fan. Whenever her opponents missed a shot, she would hop up and down, and cry, “Oh! God is just!”

An Italian friend said one day: “There is an American poet here, a socialist, who had read your ‘Haremlik,’ and wishes to meet you. He has asked us to bring you to dinner.”

The name of the poet meant nothing to us, but we were delighted to meet a man of such evident discernment, and the day was set. “We will call for you in a carriage,” she said.

It would have been simpler, we thought, to walk over to the other side of the Arno, where we naturally

expected a socialist poet to live. Still, walking is not an Italian accomplishment, and backs were inexpensive, and on the appointed evening our friends arrived. For a socialist poet’s little dinner I wore my simplest evening frock, while my husband had on a business suit.

Instead of crossing the Arno, the coachman headed out of town, and kept on at a smart clip toward Fiesoli, and I began to worry at what the drive might cost, since we never carried much money with us.

After an hour’s drive we stopped under the porte cochere of a mansion in the midst of an estate, large for Italy. “Our host provides the carriage,” our friends remarked casually.

A liveried servant received us and conducted us into the hall, where another led us into an immense drawing-room, furnished in antique Italian style. A number of other guests, mostly in evening clothes, were already assembled there.

Our host appeared, tall, slender, and attractively intellectual. He invited me to go with him out on the terrace, to see the view of distant Florence below in the twilight. Had I missed it, I should have been poorer of a noble memory.

My host waved his long-fingered hand toward the old medieval city: “I rarely go down there. If anyone worth while arrives, I send for him. We bought this archbishopric palace some years ago, and outfitted it with modern improvements.” Abruptly he turned to another topic: “The world will never be well, until men work with their hands on the soil.”

“You certainly have a chance to do so here. Do you?” I asked.

“One man working on the soil is unimportant. Only when **all** men work, can the world be changed.”

Our hostess was a charming woman, wonderfully groomed. The dining-room was resplendent with crystal, silver, and rare flowers—from the hot-houses of the estate, my host explained. The food, the wines, the deft service, all were in keeping.

So this was the socialist poet we expected to find in a garret! A slow resentment took possession of me; and when my host, at whose right I sat, began to inveigh against America, my anger was legitimized. It was soon after a well-known Russian writer, with a woman companion, had been denied entrance into the United States because they were not married to each other. Our host took this as a text for his sermon on the narrowness and intolerance of a country where people of broad, advanced views could not live.

The habits of his table, of various nationalities, were evidently accustomed to listen respectfully when the provider of all this good food spoke. For an hour our host attacked, while I defended. “After all you are hardly qualified to judge America,” I maintained. “You are an expatriate. This Russian had abandoned his wife, and was travelling with another lady. America does not tolerate such conduct.”

We heard afterwards that one of the guests wrote out a resume of the polemic at dinner, and circulated it widely in Florence. Unwittingly I had hit our host pretty hard, he having been a well-known professor in a mid-western college until he abandoned his wife and numerous progeny to marry his present

(Continued on Page 47)

BOOKS

By C. J. LAMPOS

OF LAMPOS AND HOMER

I made a tongue-in-cheek statement once in a college essay that my family goes back to Homer, and the instructor thought that I was snooty. There is really a Lamos in THE ILIAD. Bryant's translation calls him "the goodly Lamos", and the latest translation refers to him as "one skilled in furious fighting". In the generation before the Trojan War Laomedon was King of Troy. He was the son of Ilos and traced his descent back to Zeus himself. He had five sons—Priam (King of Troy during the Trojan War), Tithonos, Lamos, Klytios, and Hiketaon. Lamos the Trojan War), Tithonos, Lamos, Klytios, and Hiketaon. Lamos crafty with the spear and strongest of the sons born to Lamos"—is killed by Menelaos in Book 15. Hektor himself rushes up to rescue the body of his cousin. This should entitle the Lamos clan to be as snooty as anybody.

This comes to mind now because of a new translation of Homer. It is THE ILIAD OF HOMER, Translated by Richmond Lattimore (University of Chicago Press. 1951. 527 pp. \$4.50). There have been a half-dozen or so translations of THE ILIAD in the past few years, but Prof. Lattimore remarks that his friends have refrained from asking: "Why do another translation of Homer?"—"a question which has no answer for those who do not know the answer already."

Anyway, this humble critic, though a descendent of a Homeric hero, is frightened by the need to comment on Prof. Lattimore's book. It must be a fine translation, for it is easy to get lost in it despite the pressure of other chores. The "Introduction" is a skilled piece of 55 pages, a "must" for all students and lovers of Homer. Among other statements, he affirms that he has not encountered any arguments strong enough to convince him that Homer did not write both poems. Of his translation he says:

"My aim has been to give a rendering of the Iliad which will convey the meaning of the Greek in a speed and rhythm analogous to the speed and rhythm I find in the original. The best metre for my purpose is a free six-beat line."

It is impossible to dispose of this book in a few hundred words, for it is a treasure to be read, to be studied, to be possessed during a lifetime. But space and wits are limited, and I must return it to my shelf with the suspicion that perhaps the Lamos breed is mightier with the spear than with the typewriter.

NUTSHELLING PLATO

"My opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all," Socrates declares, "and is seen only with an effort; and, when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and of the lord of light in this visible world, and the immediate source of reason and truth in the intellectual; and that this is the power upon which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must have his eye fixed."

This is a characteristic quotation from an excerpt in THE GREAT IDEAS OF PLATO by Eugene Freeman and David Appel (Lantern Press. New York. 1952. 221 pp. \$3.00). The Lantern Press has undertaken the quite worthy project of summarizing the major ideas of the great philosophers, artists, musicians, and other thinkers of Western Civilization. It is doing this for the general reader—to help him to appreciate these thinkers and to encourage him to go on to their original writings. This series is called "The Library of Great Ideas" and will consist eventually of some 200 volumes.

Of course the first volume is this Plato book. The authors take selections of two to five pages from the Platonic dialogues and then discuss them in language of their own. In language of our own, rather, for most of the interpretations evaluate Plato's ideas in the light of our world of today. Throughout these pages from fourteen of the dialogues is an ever-recurrent theme. It is the idea of a knowledge without which all other knowledge is inadequate—the knowledge of good, the knowledge of right and of wrong. It is surprising how simply and understandably the ideas of Plato are represented in this little book—they cease to be mysterious and remote from our own problems.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if the Lantern Press were to succeed in its project? I think it can, and I am going to give this copy to a friend whom I want to initiate into the abiding fascination and influence of Platonic ideas.

ON A STROLL WITH SOCRATES

"I'm a lover of learning," Socrates says, "and trees and open country won't teach me anything, whereas men in the town do." Thus most of Plato's dialogues deal with town scenes, but in PHAEDRUS Socrates and his companion take a stroll along the idyllic Attic country-side. They stop at a delightful resting-place beside the Ilissus River. When his friend mentions a legend about the spot, Socrates replies:

"I myself have certainly no time for the business; and I'll tell you why, my friend: I can't as yet 'know myself', as the inscription at Delphi enjoins; and so long as that ignorance remains it seems to me ridiculous to inquire into extraneous matters."

The friends continue their talk, which centers about a speech by Lysias on love. It is a ridiculous rhetorical performance, and Phaedrus persuades Socrates to give his views on the subject, and the inevitable Platonic-Socratic thought-drama ensues. It develops that genuine love is more ideal than the sensual, materialistic commodity of Lysias. In fact, it is a quest of truth which is the joint effort of two minds, the minds of teacher (or guide) and disciple, whose love for one another is rooted in their common love of truth, beauty, and goodness, their common pursuit of philosophy. Love is philosophy—the wholehearted passionate devotion to a quest in which the soul's deepest need finds its fulfillment.

This is a most enjoyable dialogue, and R. Hackforth's new edition—PLATO'S PHAEDRUS: Translated with Introduction and Commentary (Cambridge University Press. New York. 1952. 172 pp. \$3.75)—is surely the finest individual publication of its kind on the market.

HOMER FOR THE BRATS

Comic books are accused of having a bad influence on children. A wholesale crop of sassy brats with delinquent tendencies is said to be springing out of them on every street corner. But recently my nine-year-old nephew showed me one that made me gasp with surprise. I bought it from him and shall pass it along in the family.

The cover shows a giant raising a huge rock over his head to cast it at a ship. He has a single eye in the middle of his forehead, and the comic book is—no fooling!—THE ODYSSEY by Homer. This great old story is told in picture strips in color and quaint dialogue. The introductory note calls it "perhaps the greatest romantic tale of advantage ever told." It begins with the encounter with the Cyclops and ends with the slaughter of the suitors.

My nephew liked it and later bought another in the same series—THE ILIAD. These two comic books, which show that publishers with taste and intelligence can do a lot of good, are Numbers 77 and 81 of the Classics Illustrated. They sell

for 15c each and are issued by the Giberton Co., Inc., Dept. 51, 826 Broadway, New York.

DRAMATIST FOREMOST

For several centuries the Cambridge University Press in Great Britain has been publishing books on Greek subjects, and today it is issuing more outstanding books in this field than any other several presses in the world combined. Barbara Perkins is ATHENE's good friend at the American Branch, 32 East 57th Street, New York, and she has sent us a shelf of review copies in the past few years. We would like to express our warmest thanks to her and her office in print.

Most of the Cambridge books are written by distinguished scholars, but only a few of these lack general literary interest as well. A typical example is SOPHOCLES THE DRAMATIST by A. J. A. Waldock (1952. 234 pp. \$3.25). "The assumption upon which this book is written is that Sophocles was first and foremost a dramatist," says the author. "This assumption seems to me to be confirmed by nearly every line that he wrote." And he goes on to discuss the seven plays as dramas, for that was Sophocles' paramount preoccupation. As most great poets have had their verses interpreted to mean this and that, here we are confronted by a logical but fresh point of view.

In doing this, furthermore, the author raises questions of concern to all dramatic critics. For instance, his four initial chapters rip into the critical canons which have bastardized so many misleading interpretations—the historical, documentary, pattern-making, and Aristotelian methods. And while discussing the problems of the individual plays he always has this general drama-interest in mind. In a footnote to his "Ajax" chapter he declares:

"Dramatists are sensible people. They write, therefore, to be understood. They know that theirs is a difficult art, and that many subtleties may not at first register. But they know that if a main meaning fails to register they will have done their work to no purpose. Dramatists therefore take pains that their main meanings shall be immediately clear: they do not seam their plays with main meanings that have to be extracted from the drama by force.

"It follows that if a critic presents us with a main meaning that he has extracted from the drama by force, a strong presumption exists that this meaning was never really present in the drama."

Mr. Waldock was Challis Professor of English Literature in the University of Sydney, Australia, and he died in 1949 a month or two after completing this book. It is an important aid in understanding not only Sophocles and the Greek drama but also the plays of other dramatists and nations.

THE LAST OF THE GREEKS

While visiting Washington recently, I read during odd moments of rest THE MIMES OF THE CORTESANS by Lucian. It was a privately printed edition by the Rarity Press of New York, issued in 1931 and out of print by now.

There are fifteen little dialogues which were once regarded as licentious, but which are actually satirical and sad. For instance, in several of them mothers teach their daughters the art of being courtesans because that is the only means of earning a living. (After all, what other professions or trades were open to women in those days?) Only a few of the pieces are gay. One is "There Is A Time for Lying" wherein a soldier boasts so much of his military exploits that he scares his girl away. Another is "The Philosopher", in which two courtesans are denouncing a philosopher for teaching a young man that virtue is preferable to voluptuousness. One of them concludes: "We courtesans must not allow those whiskered philosophers to

mislead the younger generation."

Lucian was a Syrian (120-190 A.D.), but he learned Greek so well that he is often referred to as the last of the creative Greek writers. The scenes of these dialogues are laid in Athens, but they really satirize Roman social conditions.

CLASSICAL HEADSTONES

NOTE. — There seems to have been an ironic twist in the lives of most of the great heroes of Ancient Greece. Homer was a blind beggar while living, though seven cities claimed to have been his birthplace—after his death; legend says Aeschylus was killed when an eagle mistook his bald head for a stone and dropped a tortoise on it; Euripides was compelled to flee from Athens and died in exile; the satire of Aristophanes was in a great measure responsible for the death for Socrates; the servants of Thales ridiculed him because he once fell into a well while looking at the stars; Sappho died of unrequited love . . . —C. J. LAMPOS.

A Poet's Wages

Here lies Homer, king of poets,
Still beloved and widely read;
In life he was blind and homeless,
Begging for his daily bread.

Impactical Sage

Here lies the philosopher Thales,
No wiser man on earth did dwell;
While studying the stars on a stroll
Headlong he plunged into a well.

The Ways of Love

Here lies Sappho, queen of poets
Who loved and lost so often;
She poured her heartache in her verse,
And crawled into her coffin.

Sold Into Slavery

Here lies Plato, who sailed to Sicily
To make a philosopher of a king;
But the tyrant was a downright heel,
And Plato's nostrils got a ring.

A Direct Hit

Here lies hairless Aeschylus,
Hit dramatist and nobly bred;
While on a stroll one day an eagle,
Dropped a tortoise on his head.

A War Victim

O Euripides, sleep quietly here;
You lived a strenuous life,
You fought for freedom and for peace,
And perished in the strife.

The Razor's Edge

Here lies Aristophanes, jester,
Who wrote with a biting pen;
His enemies he panned relentlessly,
And sometimes also sin.

A Strange End

Here lies Sophocles, sweet poet,
Who dropped verses with every breath;
He lived and sang for ninety years,
And died a natural death.



Photos by Danis Studio

Plato School Opens This Fall

CHICAGO'S ASSUMPTION COMMUNITY LICKS GREEK-AMERICAN SCHOOL PROBLEM

For years we have been talking about the Greek-American parochial school. What to do about it? How to resolve it? Actually the problem is all-important, due to our religious if not our social background.

First there is the Greek Church in America. By and large here, the Greek Church is conducting services in the Greek language. Eventually some parts of this service, such as the sermons, may be conducted in English. Perhaps other portions too. But the main part of the liturgy itself, in all probability will always be done in Greek, if not for any other reason because of its historical traditions. Most of the Greek liturgies and masses were written by the very first fathers of Christendom, and then of course the gospel itself and the New Testament were written by the Apostles themselves in Greek.

In its present state, the Greek Church in America in order to survive will need communicants who will read and speak some Greek. The children of the present Greek-American generation are these communicants of the future, and they have

to be taught Greek. But how? The problem has been an all engrossing one up to now. Afternoon parochial schools presented and still present many difficulties. Some time ago the problem was attacked from a new point of view by the leaders of the Chicago Greek Assumption community, the largest such community in the United States. And here it is the story of the "Plato School" and how it became a reality.

The Assumption Greek Church had afternoon classes at Greek for many years. In fact, two generations of West Side youngsters—tired, restless, and hungry after a full day at their public school—received a smattering of the language at these haphazard classes. That many of them are now sending their own children to the school is remarkable proof of the resilience of the Greek spirit.

The dream of a large, beautiful American grammar school that would teach the Greek language and the Greek Orthodox faith took form in the heart and mind of the Rev. George Mastrantonis, pastor of "The Assumption" Church. Three years ago, after exhaustive study, he sold the idea to his

trustees and his community, and quickly the huge building and its wonderfully up-to-date facilities began to take shape.

The building is a \$500,000 project. It was started in September 1950, and the first classes will be held there in September of this year.

It is a modern, attractive, stone structure, located on Harrison Street just west of "The Assumption" Church. Its physical facilities are of the latest type. Its classrooms, desks, and teaching equipment are models of efficiency. Furthermore, the school has a cafeteria, a gymnasium, and an auditorium; also a checkroom, glareproof lighting, soundproof ceilings, rubber-tile floors, individual locker (with key) for each child, fourteen large classrooms, offices for the Director, teachers, and for a doctor and nurse, and many other accommodations and conveniences. Each classroom has its own clock which is controlled from the office of the Director. Also, there is an intercommunication system which operates from the Director's office to the various offices and classes.

Each pupil at the Plato School will have his own desk which is adjustable to his height. The desk tops are made on an incline, which position does away with back strain such as that experienced in working over an ordinary desk. Also, the tops of the desks open to reveal space for books and supplies. Blackboards are built into the wall, and space has been provided for bulletin boards.

The washrooms are bright and pleasant, with modern hygienic facilities.

The Plato School will be a day school which will teach both English and Greek. It will be a fully accredited grammar school—that is, it will meet all the requirements in facilities, subjects, teachers, and methods set up by the Board of Education of the City of Chicago. It will be tested and accredited periodically as all parochial and private schools

are, by the Chicago Board of Education.

The school will have eight grades. Its graduates will enter high school without any special examination. Each of its fourteen classrooms will have from 25 to 30 children, for educators have found that this number permits the teacher to give more individual attention to each pupil. Eventual capacity will be 500 children.

The Plato School will also have a kindergarten. A teacher trained to work with small children—she has experience and excellent recommendations—has been engaged for this class. The kindergarten classroom has special blackboards and



THIS IS THE ORIGINAL ASSUMPTION CHURCH BUILDING. IT LATER SERVED AS THE PLATO SCHOOL.

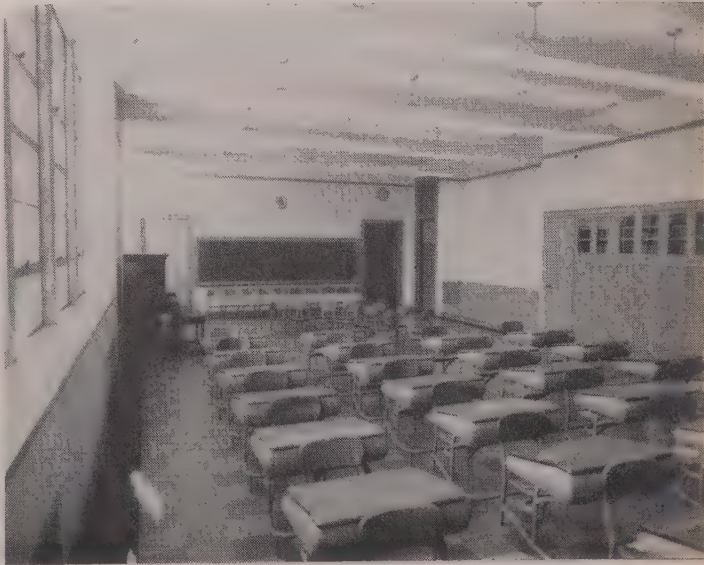
space for bulletin boards which will be used to pin pictures to assist in the lessons (visual education-flannelgrams). The equipment is modern, sturdy, and comfortable.

Educators and visitors alike who have toured the school have the highest praise for its facilities and equipment. In fact, officials of the Chicago Board of Education have declared them to be far superior to the facilities and equipment of the average Chicago public school.

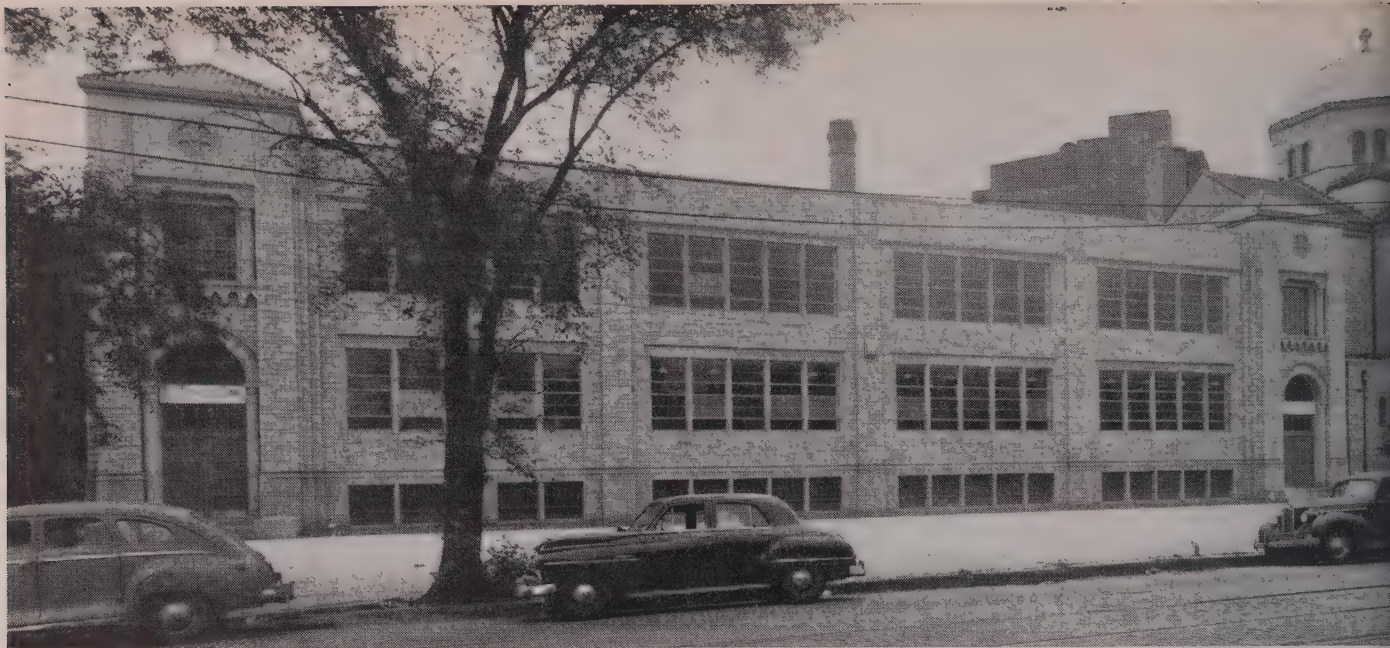
The Greek language will be taught by a special method without disrupting the regular curriculum. The children of the Plato School will enjoy learning this beautiful language, which they will



THE 1952 GRADUATING CLASS WAS THE LAST TO COME OUT OF THE OLD SCHOOL. IN THE CENTER THE PRES. OF THE COMMUNITY, MR. KOROMPILAS.



A TYPICAL CLASS ROOM IN THE NEW PLATO SCHOOL WITH UP-TO-DATE COMFORTABLE DESKS.



VIEW OF THE PLATO SCHOOL WITH THE ADJOINING ASSUMPTION CHURCH BUILDING. THE PROPOSED COMMUNITY CENTER WILL BE ON THE LEFT, NEXT TO THE SCHOOL

be able to read, write, and speak fluently, and their afternoons will be free for their homework, television shows, and other activities.

The planners of the Plato School were pleased to learn that American educators consider the teaching of the Greek language to children as an asset. A District Superintendent of the Chicago Board of Education, on behalf of a committee which made an inspection of another Greek-American school, said in effect that children speak better English because of their knowledge of Greek and that the study of another language supports and complements English.

It is deplored by educators that Americans are a one-language people. These children, however, will learn the "singularly fluid and musical and extraordinarily rich and supple" Greek language—a language which has lived for 3500 years and which enters our English vocabulary with every new invention, scientific discovery, and philosophy.

In addition, the school will teach the Greek Orthodox faith. The customs and traditions of our

Church will be unfolded to the pupils, and faith in God will be stressed with examples from the Bible and from daily experience. And of course this teaching of religion will aim for the development and establishment of the moral character of the children, thereby making them better citizens.

Heretofore, the children's education was broken into three separate and often conflicting fragments. And their day—with late afternoon classes—was much too long. In the Plato School their studies will be combined and synchronized. No longer will they have to rush from one school to another, and they will have teachers who will give them a complete education—an American grammar school education enhanced by the assets of the Greek language and the Greek Orthodox faith.

The school will also have a main library, and each classroom will have its own library containing books necessary and suitable for children of that age range.

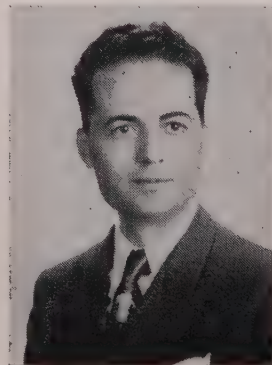
But it will not be all work and no fun at the Plato School. There is a large playground on



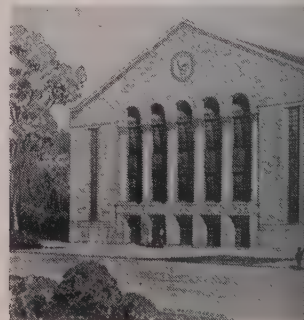
MIKE KOROMPILAS. DYNAMIC PRESIDENT OF THE COMMUNITY



GEORGE TOPPING, ASSISTANT COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, WILL BE SUPERVISOR. HE IS OF GREEK EXTRACTION.



DR. COSTAS PRUSSIS, PROMINENT GREEK EDUCATOR AND AUTHOR WILL BE ASSOCIATED WITH THE PLATO SCHOOL.



THE COMMUNITY CENTER IT WILL ADJ



R. E. CAMBURAS, Architect

the north side of the school. This will be fenced at a later date. Various kinds of athletic equipment have been purchased, and the indoor gymnasium will be used during bad weather. Furthermore, permission has been obtained to use the facilities of nearby Columbus Park. Bus transportation for the children is also being considered.

George Topping, Assistant Superintendent of Special Education for Cook County Schools, is the Supervisor-Director of the Plato School. Mr. Topping has a fine career as both teacher and school administrator, and his hobbies are languages and the history of the Greek-Americans. He is now busy securing a qualified and devoted teaching staff.

Costas M. Prousis is Head of the Greek Department and teacher of Greek of the day school and principal and teacher of the afternoon Greek classes of the Plato School. He recently completed his Ph. D. degree in Classical and Modern Greek

at the University of Chicago, and he writes well in both Greek and English on the poets, novelists, and other men of letters of Greece.

Builders of the Plato School are the entire community of "The Assumption" Church, but towering above all workers and contributors is Mike Korompilas, its president and a nationally known Greek-American business man and humanitarian. For five consecutive years he has donated two automobiles for the annual money-raising affair of the community, and during the past three years, besides his time-consuming duties as president of the church, he has devoted his abilities in making the dream of the Plato School become a reality.

Hardly a day—or even an hour—passes without his working on behalf of the church and school. He tells you with amusement that his telephone bill runs over \$50 a month.

Nicholas Andros is chairman of the Board of Directors of the Plato School. Formerly president of the church, Mr. Andros has devoted many years of unselfish leadership and hard work to erect both this new school and the magnificent church on the same premises.

"The Assumption" Church is now making plans for a huge community center as the third and final phase of its building program.

Registration is now in progress for the eight grades and the kindergarten of the Plato School, and an enrollment of 200 is expected for the first semester.

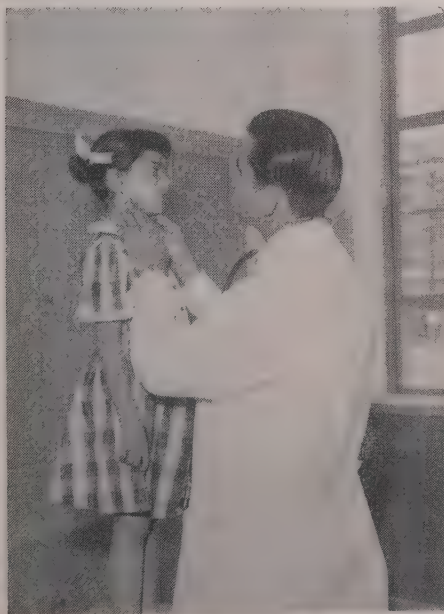
But already the school is teaching more than just the youngsters of a local community. It is teaching all of us who ponder on our heritage and what will become of it. This school is the answer not of gloom prophets or vacant dreamers, but the dream come true of men of practical action as well as of great vision. It teaches us that the future of any great heritage depends on such teams as the one piloted by the Rev. Mastrantonis and Mr. Korompilas.

The Plato School is a dramatic road sign, and it is up to other communities now to follow this winding, tortuous, but ever rising highway which will lead our generations to come to the wealth of our ancient culture and faith.

—C. J. LAMPOS



CAMBURAS, Architect
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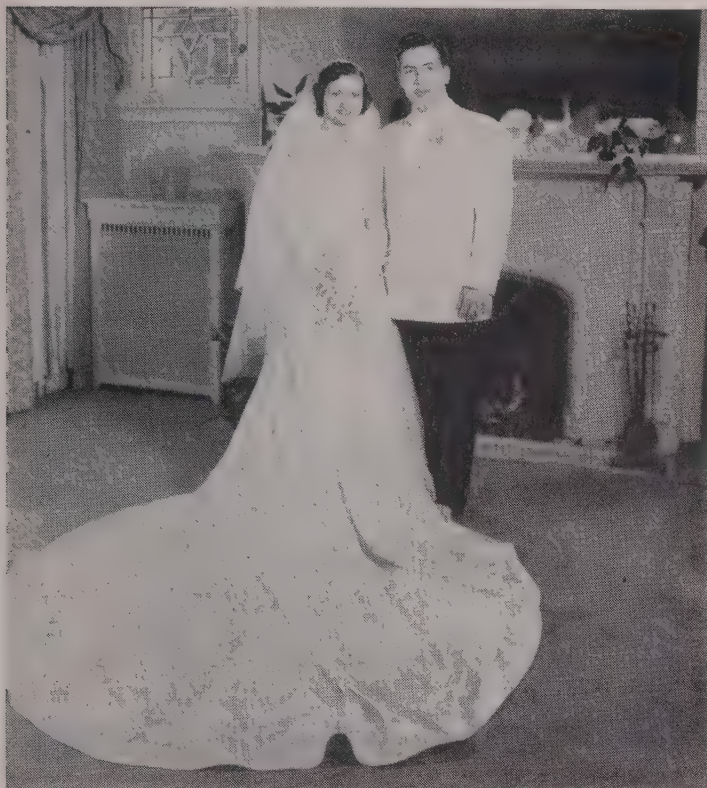


Photo by Furla Studio
MR. AND MRS. THEODORE LAKE JR.

SELIMOS-LAKE WEDDING

More than 1500 persons attended the wedding of lovely Miss Thaleia N. Selimos to Mr. Theodore Lake Jr., which took place at the St. Nicholas Greek Church in Chicago early in June.

The beautiful ceremony was performed by His Grace Michael, Archbishop of North and South America and by the Rev. Daniel Gambriles, pastor of St. Nicholas Church. Christ Paparotis of Hammond, Indiana, was the best man. A reception followed at the Shoreland Hotel.

The groom is a graduate of De Paul University and is a member of the Delta Sigma Pi fraternity. The bride attended the Academy of Our Lady, in Chicago.

This was one of the best weddings in the history of the Chicago Greek communities.

Both families are well known, and Mr. Nick Selimos, the bride's father, is an active leader in the St. Nicholas parish.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF **ATHENE MAGAZINE**

(Vol. XIII - No. 3)

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Chicago St. Nicholas Greek Church Now Fully Decorated by the Artist C. Triantaphillou

The decoration of the St. Nicholas Greek Church, 5957 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, has now been completed. This includes Iconography and Byzantine decorative patterns done in the special mosaic process perfected by the artist Mr. C. Triantaphillou.

This beautiful church has now the appearance of a veritable Byzantine museum, and is without doubt one of the showplaces in the big city of Chicago. No out of town visitor can afford to miss this church, which under the rectorship of the Rev. Daniel Gam-

Upper Left: THE CRUCIFIXION.

Below: THE NORTH SECTION OF
THE ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH,
LOOKING EAST.



riles, has become one of the most progressive and active Orthodox churches in America.

C. Triantaphillou the artist has done a remarkable job. In a previous issue we presented reproductions from the Narthex of this church which was finished then. The reproductions on these pages show not only the richness in decoration but the harmony of design which encompasses the entire structure. Here one can see examples of iconography done in the Byzantine tradition which blend with the surrounding design also done in a traditional pattern although in a more modern technique.

Rev. Gambriles, one of the most progressive and active clerics of the Orthodox Church in America recently completed 25 years of rectorship in this church, and the decoration of the church was one of the highlights marking the first 25 years of its founding.



Upper Right: DECORATION AND ONE OF THE ICONS SHOWING ST. THOMAS TOUCHING CHRIST.

Below: (Left) CHRIST WASHING FEET OF THE DISCIPLES. — (Right) THE PENTECOST.





OUTSTANDING

New York...



Mr. and Mrs. Costas N. Hadjipateras

(Nellys Studio—N. Y.)

I have attended many formal and beautiful weddings here in New York and in Hollywood, but I must admit, the wedding of Hadjipateras to Pateras, was the most magnificent I have seen, and truly I felt honored to be one of the invitees.

It was June. The happy bride, Miss Calliope P. Pateras, talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Panagos D. Pateras. The bridegroom: Handsome and intellectual Costas N. Hadjipateras, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Hadjipateras. Both families are in the shipping business, residing in New York and abroad.

The Greek Cathedral where the ceremony took place was crowded to capacity and was profusely decorated with flowers. While awaiting for the procession, the organ filled the church with gentle and soft music which instantly was changed to the wedding march. The Candelabra down the length of the aisle were festooned with white snapdragons. White chrysanthemums with dogwood and smilax covered the archway coupe (Cortege) under which the couple was married.

Escorted by her father the bride wore a gown of white chiffon, made with a draped bodice, long sleeves and a bouffant skirt terminating in a long train. Her veil of white chiffon was attached to a crown of orange blossoms, and carried a cascade bouquet of white orchids and stephanotis combined with variegated English ivy.

The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Michael of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America, assisted by the Rev. B. Erthimiou, dean of the Greek Cathedral. John D. Pateras of London, godfather of the bride was the best man. Matron of honor was charming Mrs. Demetrios P. Dracos, sister of the bridegroom. Bridesmaids were the Misses: Sophie M. Lemos, Helen A. Kyrou, Lily Hadjidakis and Zita B. Vlavianos. Ushers: The Messrs Nicos J. Hadjipateras, Anthony S. Lemos, Nikitas K. Venizelos, and Stavros Tsaconas.

A formal reception followed the ceremony at the Terrace Room of New York's most distinguished hotel The Plaza. There the newlyweds standing at the door received the blessings, good wishes and shook hands with all of the almost 300 guests. It was a touching scene. The guests consisted mostly of top Greek diplomats, clergymen, celebrities of two continents, towering shipping personalities, bankers, professional people and intellectuals. While drinks were being continuously served many were attracted to the Smorgasbord where among the many delicacies, vine leaves stuffed with rice had an appeal and a taste of their own. Sparkling diamonds, champagne glasses, beautiful flowers and joyous voices had created an atmosphere of glamour. Not before long the guests were ushered into the Grand Ballroom where a five course dinner and dancing followed amidst even greater splendor. Two Grecian urns were overflowed with yellow and white roses. And the Grecian column entwined with peonies, dogwood, and ferns, blended superbly with the Grecian-design gowns many of our charm-

WEDDINGS

ing ladies wore that evening. Popular Mark Monte and his Continentals of the Persian Room played delightful dance music between meals.

This marvelous wedding was widely reported and photographed in the society pages of our Metropolitan dailies. It was indeed something to talk about and something to remember.

Paris . . .

From Paris, France, capital of gayety, fashions and beauty, I received recently an invitation to attend another Pateras-Hadjipateras wedding which also turned out to be a top event of the Parisian social season.

I regret not being able to attend so far away the marriage or a friend, no less to witness the ceremony and report it in detail for the benefit of my readers. Judging however from photos and reports that reached me from the French capital, it was a lavish and most magnificent wedding, and was attended by a sizable crowd, relatives of the two principals as well as representatives of the highly selective social life of the French metropolis, including snipping magnates who arrived for the occasion from different parts of the world.

The wedding of Miss Maro C. Pateras, lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Costas N. Pateras of London, to Mr. John Ad. Hadjipateras, son of Mr. and Mrs. Adamantios C. Hadjipateras of Paris and New York, took place at the Greek Orthodox Church Aghios Steranos in Paris.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Meletios Karambinis and Rev. Athenodoros Paradinis. The bride, exceptionally gowned in the latest Paris bridal fashions, was escorted to the altar by her father.

Best man's duties were assumed by Mr. Stefanos M. Pateras, an uncle of the bride, who is in the shipping business in London. Maid of honor was Chrysantini C. Pateras, sister to the bride. Her younger sister, Binna, was the flower girl. Bridesmaids: The Misses Rallia Ch. Pateras, Katerina D. Pateras and Marika G. Pateras. A superbly gorgeous reception followed at the fashionable Hotel George V. of Paris. It was a magnificent gathering as magnificent as even Paris rarely sees. Telegrams and best wishes arrived from all parts of the world.

Both families hail from the beautiful flower-perfumed Island of Chios. And both are in the shipping business with offices and residences in Paris, London and New York.

And speaking again of the two weddings, both brides have attended fashionable schools and Colleges in Europe and America and they speak several languages. Likewise the grooms, besides being in the shipping business, are literary inclined. In fact, Costas is a writer and a lecturer of considerable ability, and John is a journalist and the publisher of the well edited and authoritative Greek literary magazine "Krikos" published in London.

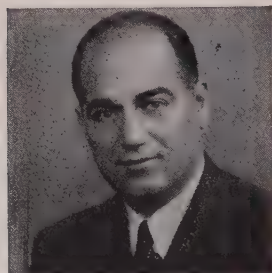
And so, I wish both couples, everlasting happiness and everything their sweet and gentle hearts desire.

—JOHN BELASCO



Mr. and Mrs. John Ad. Hadjipateras

(Studio DeFrance—Paris)



NEW YORK

★

By JOHN BELASCO

CATHEDRAL'S GIRLS: The Junior Auxiliary of the Greek Cathedral held their socially well attended Spring Dance at the aristocratic Empire Room of the Waldorf Astoria.

All proceeds from the "Champagne Whirl" went to charity which means sending needy boys and girls to Camp Olympia. Music was furnished by the popular Peter Kara.

The new officers of the Junior Auxiliary are: Phoebe Hadjopoulos, President; Bertha Cola, Vice-President; Serina Chiros, Treasurer; Andrea Strongoulis, Corresponding Secretary; Evanthis Thomaides, Recording Secretary. Board of Directors: Sophie Vrahnos, Cal Scumas, Helen Basil, Alice Lendrihas, Flora Benas.

ANNA XYDIS: Those who will attend the 1952-1953 season of the New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, will have the opportunity to listen also to the well known piano soloist, Madame Anna Xydis.

JUNE BRIDE: Another wedding which brightened up our Cathedral was the marriage of Miss Sophia Georgiou Vardas, talented daughter of Mrs.



MRS TAKIS K. ARISTIDOU

(Nellys Photo)

Mary G. Varda of New York, to Dr. Takis K. Aristidou, son of Mr. Kyriakos Aristidou of New York. Although the weather was un-cooperative a considerable crowd attended the ceremony. The Rev. B. Efthimiou officiated. The charmingly dressed bride walked down the aisle with her proud uncle Nicholas A. Meligakis of Gettysburg, Pa. Best man was his excellency Alexis Kyrou, permanent representative

of Greece to the United Nations. Maid of honor was Miss Helen Vardas, sister to the bride. Bridesmaids: Bertha Cola, Stella Trigrirides, and Aspasia Tassos. Reception followed at the fashionable Sheraton Hotel. The bride who attended Columbia has a charming singing voice and is one of the leading members of the Cathedral choir. Her parents hail from the Island of Kythera. The groom is a Cypriote and studied medicine in Vienna. They went to Canada for a honeymoon and will live in New York.

LIVELY WEDDING: Miss Eugenia Cleopatra Kolocotronis, lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kolokotronis of Jamaica, N. Y., was married to Harry Demeter, Jr., an attorney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry (Demetrakopoulos) Demeter of Boston, Mass. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Theodorides at the Cathedral.



MR. and MRS. HARRY DEMETER JR.

(Photo the Ruby N. Y.)

The bride was escorted by her father. Best man's duties were assumed by A. Pappas, assisted by Peter Stamas, both of Boston. Maid of honor was the charming sister of the bride, Catherine. Bridesmaids: Cathleen Kelly and Martha Vortanz. The event was well attended. It was a pretty lively wedding and everybody was happy. The music was furnished by Peter Kara. Constantine Karras the clarinet player was exceptionally well received when he played Greek folk dance music. It was a real Kolokotroneiko glenti and gathering.



VIEW OF KARLOVASI, SAMOS

Chatham Bank in Chicago

One of Chicago's most progressive financial institutions is the Chatham Bank, located at Cottage Grove and 79th St., which has been growing yearly and counts among its stockholders and depositors many prominent south side Greek-American business men.

Walter J. Riley, president of the bank is known in the financial community for his understanding of the banking business and for his ability and



WALTER J. RILEY
President of Chatham Bank

integrity. He is well liked in Greek-American circles; he has aided the Greek church and generally supports worthy Greek-American causes. Mr. Steve Xeros, the well known south side business man is on the board of directors of this bank, and such important business men as Nikitas Nomikos are stockholders and show a vivid interest in its progress.

Speaking before a directors' meeting the other day, Attorney A. A. Pantelis, Assistant Corporation Counsel, a well known Greek-American leader and Legal Counselor of the Chatham Bank said:

"Chatham Bank is the only institution in this locality which is authorized by law and equipped with facilities to render a service to the community, a service which was sadly needed before the Bank was opened. The Bank is doing a banking business; it is rendering services to the community which cannot be rendered by any other type of organization. It is a place where you can go and deposit your valuables and your money, where you can cash your checks, purchase travelers checks, cashier's checks, letters of credit and in general use its banking facilities to carry on your own business. We have various types of checking accounts for the convenience of the merchants and residents of the neighborhood, we have safety deposit boxes

for the protection of the valuables of the Bank's customers and other residents of this vicinity.

"The banking authorities require a bank to have a capitalization large enough to warrant the deposits which may be made with the bank and when the deposits increase rapidly, the authorities require an increase in the capital structure of the Bank. For instance, we started out with a capital structure of \$300,000 odd, we are now way over the half million mark. The bank has paid cash dividends consistently from the date it started paying dividends and at the close of last year's business the bank made a substantial stock dividend and brought in additional capital to give the depositors additional security."

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JAMES PAPPAGEORGE HEADS BIGGEST GREEK CHURCH IN AMERICA



JAMES PAPPAGEORGE, PRESIDENT OF THE ST. CONSTANTINE AND ST. HELEN CHURCH IN CHICAGO SAID TO BE THE LARGEST GREEK ORTHODOX STRUCTURE IN THIS COUNTRY

Having been elected president of the biggest Greek Church in America, James Pappageorge, a prominent business man of Chicago's South Side, is putting his shoulder on the wheel along with his other parishioners to finish the Herculean task he has inherited.

The church in question is that of St. Constantine and St. Helen, located at 74th and Stony Island Ave., Chicago.

The church has been under construction for some years now, and is without doubt the largest church building ever undertaken by Greek-Americans. It is a colossal undertaking, and will take some years to finish. But President James Pappageorge feels confident that the job will be done and in record time to. Those who know him best recall that he is a man of deeds and few words. Furthermore he has able and efficient collaborators, such as Pierre Demets, chairman of the executive board whose job it is to finish the construction; Nikitas Nomikos, former president and now honorary president; and a very willing and able board of trustees not to mention the thousands of devout and enthusiastic parishioners.



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GENERAL VIEW OF THE
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When you come to Chicago and you are looking for a thriller in high quality food amid superb surroundings, the new GOTHAM CLUB RESTAURANT, 101 East Ontario Street will fill the bill for it is truly a dream place

Planned and installed completely by the STORE EQUIPMENT CO. of Chicago, builders of fine stores, Gotham Club Restaurant has already attracted a discriminating clientele, Chicagoans and out of town patrons, and they all agree that it is one of the smartest jobs they have seen anywhere.

This is due of course to the planning and engineering department of Store Equipment Co., 626 S. Halsted Street, Chicago, who have built any number of beautiful stores in the Chicago area, but in the case of the Gotham Club, they have imparted a charming atmosphere which is tempting, attracts the attention of the diners and stimulates business all around. This store is built to customer satisfaction and is a place to get excited about. The three views appearing on these pages give



ANOTHER SECTION SHOWING BEAUTIFULLY UPHOSTERED AND RESTFUL
BOOTH AS WELL AS OTHER GOTHAM CLUB CHARMING DETAILS

only a faint glimpse of this palatial eating establishment and night life center.

The GOTHAM CLUB RESTAURANT IS THE LAST WORD is planned efficiency, where beauty is matched with durability.

Store Equipment Company personnel have visualized and built a store that is compact, sensa-



THE COZY GOTHAM CLUB BAR
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tionally appealing to the eye, modern and yet practical. The color scheme is soothing and harmonizing. The luxurious upholstery is subdued and of good taste. And the facilities are artistically arranged with a sense of maintenance economy.

To appreciate this beautiful store one has to visit it, and see for himself what we mean.

Located in the heart of the Chicago night life district on the near North Side, at the Southeast corner of Ontario and Rush Sts., Gotham Club Restaurant is said to have cost its owners over \$100,000.00.

The kitchen is one of the most remarkable all stainless steel installations we have seen. The ranges, ovens, broilers and griddles are of the very best and are keyed to handle all the business in an efficient and fast pace. There are large and up-to-date store rooms in the basement such as meat and vegetable freezers of extensive capacities. Special compartments for canned goods and liquors. Dressing rooms for the employees and other innovations too numerous to mention here.

Store Equipment Co., 626-628 S. Halsted St., Tel. SEeley 3-6222, have built several interesting up-to-date stores in Chicago recently, and Gotham Club is the finest example of their planning and installation services. They give free estimates and seem to know how to build stores which please the public.

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Friends Honor Mr. and Mrs. Peter Moundreas



On the occasion of their recent departure for a short visit in Greece, a group of well known Chicago business men and friends under the happy inspiration of Mr. Peter Stamos, organized a surprise party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Moundreas, one of the best known and beloved couples in the Chicago community. Both Mr. and Mrs. Moundreas are persons of exceptional refinement and culture having long served the Greek-American community in social matters and in business.

Mr. Moundreas has had a long and inspiring career as a business man and is now one of the owners of the Store Equipment Company of Chicago. Mrs. Moundreas has been prominent in social circles for many years and many still remember her as society editor of the old American Hellenic World.

Among those present at the surprise party which was given at the Athens Restaurant, we notice in the photograph: Mr. Peter Stamos, the instigator of the happy idea, and a partner of Mr. Moundreas; Mr. and Mrs. G. Sellas; Mr. and Mrs. A. Sellas; Mr. and Mrs. N. Ritsos; Mr. and Mrs. Tony Smith; Mr. and Mrs. Steve Skarmas; Mr. Paul Javaras; Mr. A. Weisberg, also one of the partners of Store Equipment Co., and of course the guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Moundreas.

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ATHENE NOTES

We received an one act play by Miss Mary Gianos of Pocatello, Idaho, entitled "The Outsider". This play which revolves around a familiar Greek-American situation is well written, and in our opinion should be produced in Greek communities around the country.



"Hellenic Life" the Hellenic American News Magazine published at 165 E. Erie Street, Chicago, should be in every Greek-American home. Edited by George P. Petrakis and a staff of able assistants from our younger Greek-American generation, this publication reports the news intelligently and concisely. It is well printed, well illustrated, and gives the point of view of our younger people. The subscription price is only \$2.00 per year, a mere nothing compared to the value one gets. Of special interest in every issue are the O. Y. news columns and the athletic coverage which is always up-to-date and gives you facts gleaned from all over the nation.



As an example of the industrious spirit of the eternal Hellene, we refer you to Gregory H. Pappas of Eufaula, Alabama. Forty-five years ago he came to this country an orphan from his native Aghia Paraskevi, in Macedonia. He was 14 then. Many years ago he settled in Eufaula, where he married a charming Alabama girl. They have six children, four boys and two girls. All of them graduates of universities and now serving their community as distinguished professional people. Mr. Pappas, who is the proud owner of the Pappas Cafe which he established when he came to Eufaula, owns considerable property in the town and is one of its most honored citizens.

Compliments of

MID CITY DAIRY

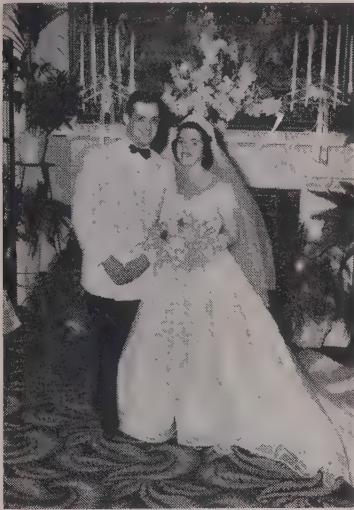


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Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Wedding



MR. and MRS. EMMANUEL A. CASSIMATIS

Mr. and Mrs. John Karambelas of Wilkes-Barre-Pa., announced the marriage of their daughter Thecla to Attorney Emmanuel A. Cassimatis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cassimatis of York, Pa.

The bride is a graduate of Wyoming Seminary and attended Beaver College, Jenkintown. The bridegroom was graduated from William Penn High School, Dickinson College and Dickinson School of

Law. He is a member of Phi Kappa Psi, national social fraternity, and Omicron Delta Kappa, national honor fraternity. Attorney Cassimatis is practicing law in York. During World War 2, he served in the U. S. Army.

Both families are well known in the East and the ceremony was blessed by a bishop and two priests. A large socially prominent crowd attended the wedding.

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ATHENE NOTES

In an address given by Maurice S. Rice, director of the USIS in Greece, at the Hellenic American Women's Club in Athens, he explained the United States Information Service, and the good it is doing in the development of Greek-American relations.

The function of this service is according to Mr. Rice, defined by Congress as follows: "To promote a better understanding of the United States in other countries and to increase mutual understanding between the people of the United States and the people of other countries." In other words, continues Mr. Rice, our job is: "To inform the Greeks about America and Americans in order that they may understand why we are the way we are, why we do the things we do, and believe what we believe." Mr. Rice then continued to give a detailed explanation of the things USIS brings to Greece on the cultural front. The program so far has been a great success, thanks to the understanding and ability of Mr. Rice and his assistants.

★

The Gapa National Convention, meeting at Syracuse, N. Y. this year was a great success. The delegates passed a number of important resolutions, including one praising the press and magazines, and they went to work to elect the following Supreme Lodge for the next two years: Vasilios Karambatos, of New York, Supreme President; Evangelos Stathoulas, Toledo, Ohio, Supreme Vice-President; Const. Papaphotiou, Pittsburgh, Pa., Supreme Secretary; Minas Evangelides, Supreme Treasurer; Samuel Sampson, Lowell, Mass., Legal Counsellor; Paul Manolis of Sacramento Calif., was elected National President of the Junior Order; Elias Mavromihalis, Baltimore, Md., Grand Orator; Mrs. Iphigenia Kopadis, Manchester, N. H., Supreme Counselor.

The 17th National Convention of the Order will be held at Houston, Texas, the latter part of July, 1954.

★

"The Structure of Music" is the title of a very interesting article which was published in the "Echo" of the New York Cathedral, written by young Milton Efthimiou, son of the dean of the Cathedral, the Rev. B. Efthimiou. This paper was singled out in a quiz on music which took place at the Stuyvesant High School where Milton is a student. We were particularly impressed with the original ideas expressed in this article and we predict an interesting future for this scholarly young Greek-American.

★

"The Gift of Greece to Civilization" is a monumental sculptural work, which was conceived, designed and executed by the artist Andrew Athan Tagaris. It is done in a processional frieze form, showing a galaxy of philosophers, poets, artists, scientists, statesmen and orators of ancient and modern Greece. It seeks to compress the "Glory that was Greece" in a single piece of sculpture, and in our opinion it is well conceived, and should find a place in some Greek-American temple or community building.

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WITH A HEART OF ANY FAITH

(Continued from Page 23)

very rich wife, and come to Italy. All Florence, apparently, enjoyed hearing about our encounter; for it is human nature to like to bite the hand that feeds it with condescension.

Almost more extraordinary than the poet's attitude was that of his wife. During dinner she said to Kenneth Brown: "My little son came to me the other day with tears in his eyes, and asked: 'Do I have to be an American, just because I was born in America?' And I told him: 'No, dear, you needn't be an American.'" She added: "His is too fine, too sensitive a nature for him to be an American."

CHAPTER XXVII

Enigmatic Amy Lowell

In Florence, every time we drew money on our letter of credit, I insisted in receiving part of it in English gold, which I put in a little bag and wore around my neck.

"Why do you do that?" Kenneth Brown asked.

"My father said that the Treaty of Berlin was so infamous that it was certain to bring about a great European war within twenty-five or thirty years. Its past due, and if we have English gold when it comes, we shall be able to shift for ourselves."

My husband scoffed at my precautions. He maintained that the Germans were too prosperous and too intelligent ever to start a war.

We heard that the waters of Bad Ems, in Germany, were an absolute cure for hay fever. Accordingly—for thus have our lives been swayed by hay fever—spring found us travelling to Venice, and from there north through the Dolomites. Our first stop was at a large hotel in Venadoro, entirely empty of guests, at this season, except for an American mother and her daughter. The latter was Amelia Josephine Burr, the poet, and a cherished friendship sprang up between us all, which has lasted ever since. They had travelled extensively, and their minds were treasure-houses.

Amy Burr not only could recite by heart all her own poems, but many others, and was a companion of never-ending interest.

While we were at Venadoro, Kenneth Brown explored the grassy hills rising behind the hotel, and declared them the best natural golf course he had ever seen. He even got some sticks and laid out a few holes. The German manager of the hotel was thrilled with the idea.

"I will advertise that my hotel has the best golf links in the Dolomites," he announced. And he did so in the New York Paris Herald. Gratefully he insisted on driving us in his automobile to Pieve di Cadore—no pleasure to me, who love to travel slowly.

At Pieve we engaged one of those carriages fitted with a pole, which to our eyes appear to be intended for a span of horses. Here they hitch one horse beside the pole, and it seems to work as well as if the carriage were fitted with shafts.

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The road zigzagged between the mountains at a reasonable grade, but everywhere there were short-cuts for pedestrians. The bracing air was biting-ly cool; so we walked most of the way to Cortina, easily keeping up with the horse on his longer road, and keeping warm besides.

At Cortina we thought of spending a couple of days enjoying some golf, which we had been positively been told we should find there. Cortina is a small place, and my husband can track down a golf course as a blood-hound does an escaped convict, yet he could not locate it. Finally a hotel manager grasped him by the arm and led him behind the hotel. "There!" he cried triumphantly—and pointed to a tennis court.

That was our second golfing disappointment in recent weeks. In Venice we had taken the ferry over to the Lido, with our clubs. An Englishman in Switzerland had assured us that we should find a course there, since he himself had laid it out. He told us the name of the enterprising hotel which had sponsored it. We found the hotel, but with the naked eye were unable to discern the golf course, and again asked for the manager.

"As, yes—golf!" he repeated regretfully. "I have advertised it so much that surely I must have it made."

Thus casually was golf then taken in certain parts of the world.

Scattered evergreens upon the Dolomite mountains asserted their sturdy reality amid the wraiths of faintly greening larches, which at this season clothed the slopes with only the ghostly semblance of trees. And every so often we came upon a huge cross upon which was nailed the cadaverous effigy of a bleeding Christ.

We enjoyed the walking trip between the peaks of bare rocks—always pink, as if touched by the rising sun. In time this rock turns from pink to light grey, but the high peaks never turn grey. They rise so steeply that they continually slough off their outer shell, like a snake shedding its skin, and reveal the lovely pink underneath; while below us the ponds and streams were of a vivid green seen nowhere else.

In spite of the buoyant air there was something sinister about these towering pink peaks, and I could not keep out of my mind Amy Burr's "Afterglow," a long poem she had written at Venedice about the destruction of a mountain village when one of these peaks collapsed on it. Bozen was welcome, even though it meant travelling from then on train. I could sleep now without dreaming of pink peaks toppling over on me.

At length we reached Ems, famous for the spot, brassily marked by a plaque in the sidewalk, where Bismarck falsified a telegram of Napoleon III, to bring about the war of 1870 against France. I placed myself under the care of Dr. Vogel, who assured me that if I would come to Ems for three years in succession I should be absolutely cured of hay fever. I may anticipate here to say that although I did go to Ems for three years running, his promise, like many German promises, proved false.

Back in Boston I had the pleasure of knowing Amy Lowell, then the luminary of the Imagists. Her

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stable of horses had got on fire, and some of them burned to death. A lover of horses and dogs, she was so grieved that she could neither sleep nor rest. Miss Barbara Higginson took her a copy of "Haremlik," and begged her to read it, in the hope that it would distract her mind from her grief. This it succeeded in doing, and when she heard that we were in Boston, she wished to meet me.

Rose Nichols, a hostess who loved to bring people together, arranged a luncheon for us to meet. Since Miss Lowell never ate in the middle of the day, she arrived after luncheon, and I was immediately captivated by the beauty of her English and its diction. Her choice of words was faultless, and whatever she said was worth listening to.

A few days later she sent in her automobile to bring me out to her place in Brookline for luncheon, although, as I have said, she did not herself eat it. This she repeated several times during the winter, to my great pleasure. But she puzzled me. Intelligent and intellectual, she lacked the Olympian attitude which makes the great indifferent to the world's opinion. She was avid of praise, and was determined to get it by any means. And though frank with her criticism of other people, she could brook none herself.

"The Duke's Price," written with Kenneth Brown, was a sentimental romance, and Miss Lowell pounced on it with the full impact of her two hundred pounds: "With a mind like yours to write that thing! You ought to be ashamed of yourself," and she went on abusing me for a full ten minutes.

She also lectured me roundly on another subject: "With your foreign face, you should dress like an oriental. You should wear such clothes that when you came into a room everybody would exclaim: 'My God! Who is that?' It would be the most effective way of selling your work."

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Her summer home was in Dublin, New Hampshire, and she strongly advised us to go there. "A lot of interesting people are there whom you will like to know—Brush, for instance—"

"Who is Brush?" I interrupted?"

"You have never heard of Brush?"

"I don't seem to."

"You are still a foreigner. I must take you in hand."

We had been at the lunch table, she as usual eating nothing. On reentering the sitting room my eyes were attracted by a small painting, and I cried enthusiastically: "Oh, Miss Lowell, you own a George de Forrest Brush."

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Greek-American Personalities

Dr. Christopher George Brouzas was born in Keramidion, some distance from Voio, Greece, in July 12, 1895. He lost his father at the age of 12. After graduating from the public schools, in 1912 he decided to come to this country. In 1920 he graduated from Tri-State College, Angola, Indiana, receiving the degrees of A. B. in Arts, and A. B. in Education. In 1921, he



DR. CHRISTOPHER G. BROUZAS

received his A. M. degree from Colgate University. During the summer of 1921, he studied in the New York State College for Teachers, Albany, N. Y., during that of 1922, at the University of Virginia; during those of 1923 and 1925, at the University of Chicago.

Having taught in Broadus College, at Philippi, West Virginia, for two years, he went to the University of Illinois as graduate assistant, from which institution he received his Doctor of Philosophy degree in 1926. Liking well West Virginia, at his graduation from the University of Illinois, he preferred to come back to West Virginia to teach in its state University, at Morgantown, where he has remained ever since, being now professor of Latin and Greek and head of the department of Classics.

Since coming to Morgantown, Dr. Brouzas has published several studies and poems, the latter mostly translations from Latin and Greek. His research includes ancient Rome as well as ancient, medieval, and modern Greece. He is gathering information on racial elements in ancient and later Greece, books and libraries in ancient Greece and Rome, color words as used in ancient literatures, education of women in ancient Greece, Athens during the Nineteenth century, American Missionaries in Greece, and American Philhellenism.

Dr. Brouzas has served as West Virginia University Librarian from 1935-1939. He has been president of the West Virginia Library Association, and treasurer of the West Virginia Academy of Science; president of the West Virginia Philological Society. He is a member of the American Philological Association, the American Classical League, the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, the Archaeological Institute of America, the American Library Association, the West Virginia State Education Association, the West Virginia Academy of Science, and the West Virginia University Philological Society.

He is listed in Who's Who in West Virginia, Who's Who in the East, in Leaders in Education, and in the Directory of American Scholars.

In 1923 Dr. Brouzas married Florence Knight of Fredonia, New York. Their son, George, who graduated from West Virginia University, College of Engineering, is now working in the Ford Experimental Laboratories.

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THE WILL OF SKLEPIOS

(Continued from Page 19)

"I took this road and turned to this path and came to the sheepfold and then I went on and came to the goatshed and there I was very thirsty. I sat on the stone, and when the shepherd came, I asked for water and he had none. I asked for milk and he had none; finally I asked for oxygala and the shepherd reluctantly gave me all I wanted. I drank and drank, and somehow it brought me appetite! I ate and drank all the way . . . Sour milk, goat milk, that's it. I think it all the time now . . . it is good!"

When Sklepios found out on what part of the mountain the shepard had his goatshed, early the next morning he scaled the heights to Mount Kòzakas and there among the firs and the pines found the shepard. He sat upon a stone and started conversation with him. Finally Sklepios asked him what he had given the sick youth to drink.

"Why? Is he dead?" the shepherd asked, startled.

"No. He was cured!"

"I only gave him some sour goat milk," the peasant explained.

"But sour milk does not cure tuberculosis," the master remarked. "Could it be that you have given him something else?"

"No. Just oxygala," the shepherd barely mumbled.

"Are you sure there wasn't something in the sour milk?" Sklepios insisted. "I don't understand it. The prince is well, and from what he told me, it appears that he got well after he drank your milk."

"I'll tell you my mistake, Master Sklepios," the shepherd confessed. "A snake, a poisonous viper, drank from the vat and when I went after it, it fell into the vat. It took me some time to get it out of there, but I got rid of it and I was ready to throw out the sour milk too, when the youth appeared and because I felt pity for him—he was dying from thirst he told me—and having nothing else to offer him, I let him help himself to the sour milk. He is half gone anyway, I thought, I might as well let him drink it and be relieved of the torture. I really thought I was doing him good; the right thing too."

"But he was cured," Master Sklepios remarked, "and it seems that viper venom is the medicine for that illness . . ." murmured Sklepios as he rose and went away, shaking his head and waving his hand to the shepherd.

Thus Sklepios came to know better than anyone else the medicine for curing tuberculosis, but never used it. The whole world knows that he left the prescription for it in his will among his prescriptions for every other illness. It is not, however, the most important prescription in his will. The most important is the one which insures immortality with perpetual youth. That is what he left for the benefit of mankind, but the will was lost. It is said to be among the ruins of his temple here in Lapanitsa. Should you travel on the road to Olympus across the plain of Thessaly near Mount Kàzakas, you may, if you wish, join the villagers who have been searching for years among the ruins and caves, in every hole and under every stone, for Master Sklepios' will to mankind.

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GREEK REVOLUTION ON PAINTING

(Continued from Page 5)

variegated costumes, the battles, the massacres, the snow covered mountain peaks, the Albanians and the Arabs of the notorious Ibrahim who brought his hordes from the Orient to suppress the revolution. All these things go into the work to make of it a folksong of the revolution, an Arabian Nights story, which gives you continuous visual satisfaction. Yet this work was all but forgotten. For a whole century no one paid any attention to it. And it remained for I. Gennadios who in 1926 with the assistance of Fr. Boisonas took pains to publish it. The edition was an immediate success especially in

Europe where the paintings were now judged on their simple merits and not under the influence of prejudice. And even though these art productions belong to no school of painting, still they exhibit a freshness of their own, they exhibit further their own technical and visual rules, and most important they reveal the peculiar psychology of spontaneous and mystic mass esthetics, which go deep into the roots of the Greek race, a sort of a mass folk remembrance.

This work of Panagiotios Zografos is the most complete portrayal of the war of liberation and is the best known too among the people. And not only that, the spirit which fed the artistic imagination of Zografos, fed numerous other itinerant practitioners who inspired by the events of the revolution painted appropriate scenes in monasteries, in villas, in public buildings throughout the Greek world. Many of these paintings have been destroyed, white washed away, etc., but many still remain, and it is the job of some enterprising art patron and art worker to look after their preservation and to catalogue them, now when their value is recognized.

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